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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY. ESTABLISHED 1846

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1879, by the Publisher of THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington

Vol. XXXIV.—No. 92.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1879.

Price Ten Cents.



▲ MASHES' MISADVENTURE—THE DISTRESSING DILEMMA OF MR. HENRY J. JEFFRIES, A SELF-SUPPOSED IRRESISTIBLE CHICAGO ADONIS, THROUGH A TOO GREAT CONFIDENCE IN THE POWER OF HIS OWN FASCINATIONS, AS EXERTED IN THE CASE OF A PRETTY BUT SPIRITED YOUNG WIDOW OF THAT CITY.—SEE PAGE 2.



RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor.
Office: 2, 4 & 6 Reade Street, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1879.

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One copy, six months.....2.00
One copy, three months.....1.00
Single copies.....Ten Cents
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Subscriptions, communications and all business letters must be addressed to the publisher, 2, 4 and 6 Reade street, (P. O. Box 40) New York City.
All letters containing money should be sent by registered letter or Post Office money order.

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To Artists and Photographers.

We solicit sketches of noteworthy occurrences from persons of artistic ability in all parts of the United States. We also invite photographers in every section of the Union to forward us photographs of interesting events and of individuals prominently concerned in them. The matter should be forwarded to us at the earliest possible moment after the occurrence, and, if acceptable, will be liberally paid for. Persons capable of producing such sketches, as well as photographers throughout the country, are respectfully requested to send name and address to this office. This will on no occasion be published, unless desired, but is simply held as a guarantee of good faith.

Answers to Correspondents.

C. H. G., Quincy, Ill.—Can make no use of it.
J. L. S., Wahoo, Neb.—Item too far behind date.
E. E. W., Tarboro, N. C.—Your matter is utterly illegible.
S. M., Rockport, Ind.—Have already published it; thanks.
G. E., Red Bluff, Cal.—Have published account of the affair; thanks.
T. G., Kansas City, Mo.—Thanks; will write to you further concerning it.
J. M., Fort Shaw, M. T.—Much obliged for the effort in our behalf all the same.
H. M. R., Rapides Parish, La.—Send us portraits, if possible—not of value to us without.
F. B. T., Bridgeport, Conn.—Article appears with illustration; thanks. Send portraits if possible.
C. P. R., Hamburg, N. J.—Have already published account of matter. Had no space to illustrate it.
J. E. F., Munfordville, Ky.—Items are good, but too far behind date. Try us again with something fresher.
E. S. G., Lafayette, Ind.—We have not heard of it as yet. Send us full account with sketch as soon as possible.
J. L. M., Princeton, Mo.—Items previously received: thanks for attention. Hope you will favor us again.
G. L. C., Mountain Creek, Ala.—Could not make use of it, but appreciated the attention. Let us hear from you again.
M. A. N., Spartanburg, S. C.—Have published items sent. Shall be glad to have photographs if they can be obtained. Much obliged for the attention.
M. B. C., Centre, Ala.—All we wish is correct outline sketches of localities, merely giving relative points with sufficient accuracy to make an illustration.
CONSTANT READER, Washington, D. C.—Cannot give any information. There is no such firm and no such facility that we are aware of. Otherwise would be happy to oblige.
S. S. M., St. Louis.—The article appeared in our issue of May 31. You will see that we did not publish the account sent by you, but one previously received from another source, and much fuller.
C. O. W., St. Bernard, Neb.—Apparently you are not a reader of the GAZETTE or you would have seen that we had a full account of the lynching of Reed, with accurate illustration, in our issue of May 24th.
W. K. B., Philadelphia, Pa.—Item too far behind date. Glad to have accounts of matters of general interest from you, if sent in time. Do not care to make any regular arrangement as we have other sources of supply from your city.
C. H. M., Gadsden, Ala.—Will appear in our next; too late for this issue; would be glad if you could forward us portraits of any of the parties if they can be procured; will pay a liberal price for them. Also send sketch of locality.
J. R. G., Lafayette Springs, Miss.—Cannot use manuscript written on both sides of the paper. You should understand that to do so involves the double duty of re-writing the matter on the part of the editor, an altogether unnecessary labor.
G. M., Aurora, Oregon.—See item elsewhere. Shall be glad to have you act for us in your section. What we particularly desire is correct outline sketches of scenes of notable occurrences and portraits of parties prominently concerned. If you can send us such, promptly after the occurrence, shall be glad to receive them at liberal rates.
W. R. B., Saltville, Va.—Have published the item. Shall be glad to have you act for us in your section. What we particularly desire is correct outline sketches of scenes of notable occurrences and portraits of parties prominently concerned. If you can send us such, promptly after the occurrence, shall be glad to receive them at liberal rates.
F. K., Columbus, Ga.—Items have been published a week or two ago. It is useless to send us accounts of occurrences so long after their happening, as you may rely upon our having published them prior to that time, provided they are worth publishing at all. Still, the attention is appreciated, and hope to hear from you again, only, please be more prompt.
T. T. S., Eufrata, Ala.—We have already given a full account of the affair, but if you have any further developments or fresher facts in the case, not already published, will accept them at the price stated, with the understanding, however, that they are accompanied by portraits and sketch, alluded to, and a reasonable guarantee of the authenticity of the whole matter, not an unreasonable stipulation in such a case, since you are a stranger to us.

THE HULL MURDER MYSTERY.

Nearly two weeks have elapsed since the Hull murder horrified the community, and yet the effort of our expensive police system is apparently and in all probability no nearer a solution of the mystery. Within twenty-four hours after the discovery of the tragedy we were informed that the police thoroughly understood the case, and that it was only a question of a few hours until the mystery would be unveiled before the public and the perpetrators of the deed be safely consigned to the custody of the law. Still the days went by without the promised revelation. Then we had a little bit of dramatic clap-trap in the spectacle of an officer of the force driving about the city and rushing at break-neck speed from one station house to another, accompanied by a mysterious negro kept hidden in the obscurity of the coach. This was given out as indicative of a certain clue which had been struck by the astute officers and which was to lead to a speedy unriddling of the ghastly enigma. Then, when this ingenious trick had served its turn in assuaging the popular thirst for information, the negro was shoved to one side, like a piece of stage property at the completion of a theatrical act, and was seen no more in the play.

So with nods and winks and suggestions of infinite shrewd theories on the part of the police in regard to the affair, the public has been beguiled until it is forced to the conclusion, nearly two weeks after the murder that a solution of the mystery is no nearer than at first, and that the police are no wiser in regard to it than the public.

At the outset it was given out that the detectives were positive that the murder was committed by a member of the household, and suspicion was openly directed to the husband of the unfortunate lady. What real ground could exist for this theory in any mind of ordinary intelligence has not yet been shown. The absurdity of it has been apparent ever since the community recovered from the first shock which inclines it to accept anything as plausible rather than think for itself. The later theory, which points towards the husband of one of the colored servants of the house, is certainly more consistent with common sense in all respects and should serve excellently well to divert the public mind until it has been run out to the end.

Meanwhile there is abundant room for criticism in the failure of the police to pick up the missing and much-to-be-desired darkey, who should not be difficult to trace, and thus speedily settle or explode another cherished police theory of the crime.

TO HEAVEN, VIA THE GALLOWES.

Another of those disgusting scaffold exhibitions which periodically shock every person of decent sensibility under whose notice they come is reported in our columns this week. The exhibitor in this case was a brutal negro, in whom the animal so far predominated over the mental or moral nature as to render him little above the brute in all respects and so far beneath them in general respectability as to make it a matter of wonder why Darwin and his disciples should be at any loss to discover, in his type of humanity, a very distinct connecting link between man and the brute creation, with all the advantage ground on the side of the latter. The crime which put the halter about the neck of the wretch was an outrage upon a white woman, specially notable for cowardly and atrocious brutality among the numerous similar crimes which have justly come to be regarded as characteristic of his race. Yet this worse than beast is allowed to exhibit himself before a large multitude as a candidate for the special favor of the Almighty with a confidence which a man of consistently upright life could not feel. And in this exhibition he is supported by so called ministers of the gospel. Comment is unnecessary, and words fail to express the situation.

A Masher's Misadventure.

[With Illustrations.]
[Special Correspondence of POLICE GAZETTE.]
CHICAGO, June 16.—Mrs. Jennie Staley is a pretty, lively and buxom widow of this city. She is esteemed for those qualities among a large circle of friends and is correspondingly popular. Mr. Henry J. Jeffries is another resident of this same lively town, and of which, in his opinion, he is no unimportant component. Mrs. Staley, the charming widow aforesaid, has had frequent occasion to pass a certain hotel, where the said Jeffries makes or did make his headquarters, either in the pursuit of business or pleasure, and thereby attracted the attention of the aforesaid Jeffries, who, from frequent observation of the charms of said widow, became, in the slang parlance of the day, "gone on her."
All unconscious of this admiration, the fair widow pursued the even tenor of her way, in spite of the desperate efforts of the "masher" to cultivate an acquaintance. At last his repeated endeavors in that direction, in spite of her very plain indication of their unwelcome character, became so annoying that they amounted to positive insult, and the high-spirited young woman determined to give him a lesson which should not only relieve her from further annoyance from him, but give him a salutary lesson for the future.
Accordingly she took into her confidence an unmarried lady friend of similar spirit, and between them they concocted a plot which shall be developed

subsequently. Upon a later occasion, as our "mashing" friend accosted her in his customary effort at self introduction, he was surprised and delighted beyond measure to meet with a sweet smile of recognition instead of the ordinary frown or imperturbable coldness. With a quick gesture as she passed him a note was handed him by the fair widow, with which he lost no time in making off to a place where he could safely read it. What its contents were will subsequently appear.

Some two nights after its reception, our masher, arrayed in his best, with a bouquet in his button-hole, and softly humming an air from "Pinafore," appeared on a prominent corner. About dusk a handsome carriage stopped in front of him from which stepped a lady colored servant woman, who at once approached him. Few explanatory words were needed as each understood the other. The colored servant explained to him that her mistress, smitten with him though she was, had social reasons for extreme secrecy in their little arrangement. It was therefore necessary that he should not only be blindfolded that he might not know the locality of the residence of his charmer to which he was to be taken, but that to guard against any temptation to play "Peeping Tom" on the journey he should submit to have his hands bound behind him. Strong in the confidence of his egotism our masher laughingly submitted and, in less than half an hour Mr. Jeffries alighted with his guide and was led into a house of the locality of which he was in utter ignorance. Here his guide removed the bandage from his eyes but not his handcuffs, and he found himself in an elegantly furnished and brilliantly lighted sitting-room. He had not long to wait for, immediately on the exit of the servant and before his anticipations of a glorious conquest could frame themselves, there entered not merely the charmer whose solitary society he had hoped to enjoy, but a lady companion whom he had never seen before. But how different was the delicious widow from what he had fondly expected.

Instead of languishing words of love, she met him with fierce denunciations and indications of her fell purpose. She had decoyed him to her house, she told him, to revenge herself for his many insults to her, which she had previously been powerless to avenge. Then the two women, taking advantage of his helpless condition, proceeded to slit his elegant raiment up the back, produced a couple of stout raw hides and belabored him on the bare skin until they were exhausted and until he sank bleeding and begging for mercy, in abject terror, on his knees, before them. Then the bandage was readjusted, the additional precaution was taken of thrusting a gag in his mouth to prevent him from giving an alarm and he was replaced in the carriage by which he had come under charge of a colored man-servant. This person, watching his opportunity, when the coast was clear, thrust him out on the sidewalk not far from the spot where he entered the vehicle, filled with such vain anticipation, and drove rapidly away unobserved.

About half an hour after his ignominious exit, somewhere near midnight, he was discovered by a policeman. That official removed the gag, unbandaged his eyes and then demanded of the tattered and demoralized "masher," the cause of his remarkable plight. The story he received in response to his interrogations seemed to his official mind so woefully thin that he could scarce refrain from clubbing the victim on general principles. As a compromise, however, he took him to the station house, where a night in the cells gave him additional opportunity to moralize on the uncertainty of human affairs, and whence in the morning, after an awkward explanation to his employers, on whom he had called in his dire extremity as the last resort to get him out of his terrible dilemma, he departed, a sadder and wiser "masher."

Female Muscle Against Horse Flesh.

[Subject of Illustration.]
[Special Correspondence of POLICE GAZETTE.]
TORONTO, Ont., June 14.—An exciting and novel trial of speed took place at the Rink in this city, a few days since in the presence of a small, but enthusiastic circle of spectators. Mlle Ernestine Bernard, from the Hippodrome, Paris, highly celebrated as an expert bicyclist, having been matched to a contest of speed with a horse of local celebrity, at the appointed time the lady appeared, clad in the scant garments appropriate to the occasion.
The race was to be a three mile heat, and was won by the lady, though, had it not been for a misfortune which happened to the animal, which, in making a short turn, stumbled and fell, it is doubtful if the result might not have been different. As it was, the lady developed a speed and skill with her vehicle which were simply wonderful and, though it is too much to suppose that she could have beaten a horse of respectable quality doing his best, still the effort was sufficient to show a rate of speed that was remarkable, and, should another match be made, as is probable, there is no doubt but that the fair French athlete will find numerous backers under any circumstances.

Smuggling, Past and Present.

[With Illustrations.]
In past days smuggling was an occupation which combined with the practical no little of the romantic element. The midnight enterprises of the brigand-like evaders of tyrannical revenue exactions have been made the theme of many a thrilling story of the old romancers, and have furnished numerous picturesque episodes for the melodramatic and the operatic stage. In our day, however, "we do these things better," and our artist has given several spirited scenes, on another page, to illustrate "how it is done." The great motive power of the age is shown as exerting its potent influence in "beating" the jealous restrictions of the tariff. Here, also, we have depicted the smuggler of the period, par excellence, the "female smuggler," who takes the place of the wildly romantic outlaw of a by-gone day. With her plausible smile and her inviting ways she is more than a match for the efforts of the revenue off-

cials and, though, once in a while, a beauty, swarthy in contrasted laces or otherwise endeavoring to dodge the exactions of systematic revenue may come to grief through the treachery of some one whom she has admitted to her confidence or through exceptional shrewdness on the part of those appointed to spy out the same, there is no doubt but that these are the exceptions and that in by far the majority of cases the fair frauds who enter into a conspiracy against Uncle Sam's exactions, whether as a regular traffic or as a bit of private speculation succeed in their enterprises with a regularity and an ease that would paralyze the vigilant guardians of the revenue if they knew it. The midnight importers who do a thriving trade in beating the custom house by following in the wake of inward bound Havana steamers in row-boats and pick up the packages of the fragrant weed, which, secured in rubber bags, are tossed overboard to them by their confederates on the vessels, are suggestively depicted, as also are the Hebrew gentlemen who, in their simple honesty, are so unlearned in the ways of the world as to suppose that they can burden themselves with superfluous trinkets as presents to their numerous relatives on this side and be passed on that somewhat diaphanous plea.

The Alleged Swindling Ex-President Smith.

[With Portrait.]

The grand jury recently found an indictment for fraud against A. V. S. Smith, late president of the Follett Sewing Machine Company, and on Wednesday, 11th inst., he was arrested in Washington, D. C., by Detective O'Connor, of the district attorney's office of this city. He was brought to New York, and was committed to the Tombs, on the 12th, by Judge Cowing to await trial. The prisoner in the early part of 1877 became acquainted with J. L. Follett, the inventor of a sewing machine, and ingratiated himself into his good opinion. At that time Mr. Smith was living at the Grand Central Hotel. He represented that he could place \$300,000 of the company's stock among his friends. He subscribed for \$10,000 of the stock and paid 25 per cent. down. He was elected president by a unanimous vote of the directors in April, 1877.

Early in April Mr. Follett met Mrs. L. F. Meeker and daughter, Mrs. Alice F. Ketchum, at the Sturtevant House. They told him that they had invested their money in the Follett Company through Smith. Mrs. Ketchum said she had given Smith nearly \$14,000 to invest, together with sixty-six shares of Ninth National Bank stock. Of this \$10,000 was in United States bonds, which he promised to invest in the Follett Company, guaranteeing her 50 per cent. increase on her investment. Mrs. Meeker let him have \$20,000 for similar purposes and with like promises. Mr. Follett told them that their names were not among the stockholders of the company, and then they became convinced that they had been deceived. They visited the district attorney's office and explained their loss. An indictment was found against Smith, but he had, in the meantime, escaped from the city and eluded justice until discovered, as stated, in Washington.

A Husband Shot by His Discarded Wife.

[Subject of Illustration.]

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., June 18. Oliver Tomlinson last week posted his wife and commenced a suit for divorce. She returned to this city this morning, went to his room, took his revolver from the bureau and threatened that if he would not be reconciled she would take her own life. He came toward her, when she shot him just above the heart, and then shot herself through the left breast. Her wound is not considered dangerous. The doctors are unable to find the ball in Tomlinson, and consequently cannot judge of the extent of his injury. Mrs. Tomlinson asserts that the shooting of her husband was accidental; he avers that it was deliberate. The parties are prominent here, Tomlinson being a man of considerable property.

Jack Murray, Burglar and Jail Breaker.

[With Portrait.]

Jack Murray, whose portrait appears elsewhere, under sentence of four years in the Indiana state prison for burglary and larceny in Whitley county, in that state, broke jail on Wednesday night, June 4th, and is still at large. A reward of \$200 is offered for his capture by A. T. McGinley, sheriff of Whitley county, whose address is Columbia City, Ind. Murray's description is given as follows: He is about five feet five or six inches high, spare built, black hair, smooth face, sharp nose, dark eyes, small hands, straight built, and is about twenty-three years old; had on white shirt, dark blue coat, dark pants and vest, brown hat and fine boots; is of pleasing address and manners.

The Great International Sculling Match.

[With Portraits.]

On another page we present excellent portraits of the contestants in the great international sculling match, so eagerly awaited on both sides of the Atlantic, which took place on the river Tyne, England, on Monday, June 16th, namely, Edward Hanlan, of Toronto, who won the race quite as easily as the previous one with Hawdon, and is constituted thereby champion sculler of the world, and William Elliott, of Blyth, the defeated British champion.

Favorites of the Footlights.

[With Portrait.]

On another page we present a portrait of Miss Jackson, a talented and handsomely formed burlesque artiste, now playing in Boston, but quite well known to patrons of the variety stage in this city, where she has appeared with no little success on several occasions.

A man at Pontypridd, Wales, was recently bound over to keep the peace for six months, because he kissed his neighbor's wife and threatened to do it again.

APREACHER'S PREDICAMENT

Unfortunate Plight of a Clerical Gentleman
Who Was Discovered by a Jealous Husband in His Wife's Bedroom.

RELIGIOUS CONSOLATION

Was the Motive Power Asserted in the Case
by the Couple, But the Husband Acted
Upon the Proposition That it Was

ALTOGETHER OF A LOWER GRADE.

The Reverend Father Peter O'Neil, of Brooklyn, was arraigned before Justice Murray, at the Jefferson Market Police Court, on the morning of the 14th, by Detective Murray, of the Thirty-seventh street police station, the charge against him upon Captain Washburn's returns reading, "Suspicious person." "Who is the complainant in the case?" asked his honor, to which question the officer replied, "Robert Hawks." "Is Robert Hawks in court?" loudly demanded Justice Murray, but there being no response, his honor asked the priest a few questions, and then said, "You are discharged."

Father O'Neil, trembling like a leaf in the breeze, bowed his respects to the court and, hastening out of the room and hailing a Sixth avenue car, started on his way homeward. In the course of investigation a reporter learned that the arrest of the priest occurred on Friday night, 13th, at the residence of Mr. Robert Hawks, of 273 West Thirty-ninth street, a French flat house adjoining the northeastern corner of that street and Eighth avenue, and was made at the instance of Mr. Hawks, who, it is alleged, saw the reverend gentleman

IN COMMUNICATION WITH HIS WIFE.

The result of this inopportune discovery was a scene of so exciting a character that the residents of the neighborhood rallied in force, and men, women and children craned their necks from every available window to take it all in.

A large crowd assembled in the streets and on the contiguous avenue, and even on the house-tops opposite 273, scores of people had gathered to await the denouement. As the story goes, it appears that about a fortnight ago Mr. Hawks, who is an Englishman, and engaged in a down town drug-store, received an anonymous letter informing him that during his absence a man representing himself as a Protestant clergyman was in frequent attendance upon his wife, and that the man had told several neighbors that he was attending to her spiritual welfare, but it does not appear that he gave any heed at the time to the communication.

Mr. Hawks and his family, composed of his wife and two children, moved into the house early in May, occupying the fourth floor. Following the settlement of the Hawks household, there came a visitor in the person of the Reverend Father Peter O'Neil, and he has been to see her nearly every day since, excepting Sunday, though once

HE CAME ON THAT DAY.

Sometimes he came in twice a day, but seems never to have allowed more than two days to elapse between his visits.

These diurnal visits of Father O'Neil to Mrs. Hawks in the absence of her husband became the theme of the neighborhood. On Thursday evening Mr. Hawks came home several minutes before his regular time, and met his clergyman upon the stairway. All Mr. Hawks said to him was, "What are you doing here?" but the reply was not heard. On Friday afternoon Mr. Hawks made his way home at the usual hour of four o'clock. Pulling off his shoes in the hallway Mr. Hawks mounted the several staircases until he reached his floor. Then he knocked at the door, but there was no response. He demanded that the door should be opened at once. But his demand not being complied with he braced himself for an attack. A moment's struggle and the door flew wide open, tearing off the hasp and smashing a chair that had been fastened against it for further security.

There, to use his own language, he found the pair side by side. "Bring me a pistol—give me a knife!" he shouted in his rage as he made a leap toward the now trembling clergyman, but his wife sprang between them. She would her arms around the infuriated husband, shrieking "You're wronging me—you're wronging me—"

"HE HAS DONE ME NO WRONG."

Having obtained his hat, Father O'Neil was about making his exit and leaving husband and wife to settle the affair according to their inclinations, when Mr. Hawks broke away from her embrace, and made a dash for the man, whom he grabbed by the collar. Together they struggled down the stairways, Father O'Neil exerting his utmost strength to release himself from the powerful grasp of the infuriated husband. Their loud talking during the scuffling, and the shrieks and screams of Mrs. Hawks as she cried, "Robert, you're wronging me and him," were heard all over the neighborhood, and served to heighten the excitement.

As they reached the lower landing Detective Murphy who chanced to be in the vicinity, ran into the house, and upon the complaint of Mr. Hawks took Father O'Neil into custody, and locked him up for the night in the Thirty-seventh street police station.

The reporter's informant further said that Father O'Neil had often bade him good day as he was passing in and out of the house, and on one occasion told him

THAT MRS. HAWKS WAS HIS SISTER.

In regard to the matter Mrs. Hawks said, "These reports respecting Father O'Neil and me are all untrue from beginning to end. He and my husband heretofore have been like two brothers, and I know that my husband would divide the last loaf he had in the world with him if he were in need. I knew him in

England, where we were born, and he has frequently visited our house and dined with my family. I was married twenty years ago in Brooklyn, though I knew my selected husband at home, and we have a boy and a girl—eighteen and ten years of age. I will say this, that Father O'Neil is a perfect gentleman, and he never said an insulting word to me, and I am very sorry this thing has got out. I am so sorry, for there is no cause for it. It's too absurd for anything.

This little trouble has made me feel as if I were almost one hundred years old, and I don't see how people can tell such untruths. To tell you the truth, I have sought him for spiritual guidance, and, though I knew he would gladly have me embrace his faith, it was not he that first proposed such a change of religious belief to me. My people are all Episcopalians, and I think they are at the bottom of the mischief. Father O'Neil has told me that he has several times been insulted when coming here to see me, and has said that he would have to give it up. The story about my husband trying to shoot Father O'Neil is absurd. He never had a pistol in his life that I knew of. Well, yes, there was some rumpus, but it all came from

"MY HUSBAND'S EXCITABLE TEMPERAMENT."

In the course of further conversation Mrs. Hawks positively denied that there was any confusion in the house, though she afterward said that she was so excited she could remember nothing.

Mrs. Hawks is a somewhat tall, slimly-built lady, with dark hair and eyes, and is a pronounced brunette. Her features are regular, and bear marked traces of personal beauty.

Father O'Neil is about thirty-three years of age, and is a rather pleasant appearing and affable man. His face is smoothly shaven, and he wears the priestly garb. He was made a deacon in England, where he entered the church and took the order of priest since his advent in this country. In answer to questions regarding Mrs. Hawks, while admitting visiting her, he denied that the communication existing between them was other than of the most friendly nature, asserting that

THERE WAS NOTHING WRONG WHATEVER.

When arrested Father O'Neil gave his address as 41 Butler street, Brooklyn. The place indicated is the monastery of the Franciscan Brothers. Upon inquiring for Father O'Neil, the Superior of the monastery, Brother Jerome, said: "He is no longer here, and I am unable to tell you where you will find him. He has no connection whatever with our institution, but coming to us some time ago in a destitute condition, as it were, we gave him shelter and his food as an act of kindness and brotherly love. He had a good room to himself, and occasionally said mass in our chapel, and came and went as he pleased. He is a talented young man, and had he conducted himself uprightly the bishop would probably have located him shortly. We are truly sorry for his unfortunate falling." The reporter further learned that after Father O'Neil's discharge by the court he went straightway to Brooklyn, where he was summoned before the Superior, who, without a word of censure as to his reported adventure, in mild terms told him that the brothers could no longer entertain him as their guest, and that he must leave at once. Without saying whither he was going, Father O'Neil walked straightway out of the house. The brothers spoke in the highest terms of his abilities, and hoped he would be charitably dealt with.

A Remarkable Conspiracy by Negroes.

RALEIGH, N. C., June 12.—Mrs. Louisa Pierce, a white lady, was yesterday arrested near this city, brought here and lodged in jail on a warrant charging her with having murdered her two infant children by burning their bodies in the fireplace of her house. The preliminary trial held by a justice this morning resulted in the discharge of Mrs. Pierce and the sending on to the grand jury of three of the principal witnesses, charged with conspiracy to deprive Mrs. Pierce of liberty and with perjury. The facts are as follows, and prove one of the most diabolical conspiracies on record: On the 30th of May Mrs. Pierce gave premature birth to twins. The children were born dead and were placed in a small box for burial, but before they were buried neighborhood gossip had charged that the twins were born alive and the mother had destroyed them by burning. This coming to the ears of the parents, the box containing the bodies was kept, and at their request a number of persons inspected it. Last Thursday, it being supposed the slander was refuted, the bodies were buried.

Yesterday a warrant was sworn out by a negro woman charging Mrs. Pierce with murder. A box was brought here by the officer making the arrest which was supposed to have contained the bodies, but an examination by medical experts developed the fact that it contained the remains of a chicken. One of the negro witnesses produced charred bones, which she swore was the carcass of one of the children, and was taken from the fire in Pierce's house. These bones were clearly proven to be those of a cat. From the testimony it was evident that the bodies of the children, as buried by the father on Thursday, had been unearthed, the remains taken from the box and replaced by those of a chicken.

Three of the conspirators—one negro man and two negro women—are now in jail, and it is believed that others are in the conspiracy and will be arrested. Mrs. Pierce is a northern woman, having moved here from New York several years ago, and married William E. Pierce, a citizen of this county of good standing, and a graduate of distinction of Yale College. Mrs. Pierce, being a northern woman and unused to negro labor, has been unable to get along with them as servants; hence the negroes in her neighborhood despise her, and this is supposed to be the animus of the conspiracy.

Riotous Tramps.

TRACY, Minn., June 18.—A large mob of railroad laborers and tramps are in town making riotous demonstrations, and the officials are trying to restore order. There has been no violence or bloodshed yet.

MADDENED BY MORPHINE.

Obstinate Suicidal Determination of a Beautiful Chicago Woman to Whom the Delusive, Deadly Drug had Been as Fatal, Morally and Physically, as Could the Vilest Deceptions of the Bucket Shop.

CHICAGO, June 16.—A little after five o'clock yesterday afternoon a black shadow flitted down on Twelfth street bridge through the storm and rain, a pair of hunted-looking eyes gazed out for a moment into the somber, sickening depths of the river, and then the bridge-tender, smoking his pipe beneath the shed that sheltered him from the storm, heard a cry like that of a lost soul and saw a woman leap from the railing into the dark gulf below. It was only another unfortunate seeking in oblivion rest from the torments of a life over which misfortune had cast an everlasting curse, but it was at the same time a human being, and so a second form went over the rail, and an instant later a strong arm brought back from the clutches of death the would-be suicide. As the two stood on the dock, dripping from their recent bath, the woman turned on her rescuer with an air of royal indignation, and cried: "Why did you pull me out? Can't you see that I wanted to die? And if I did,

"WAS IT ANY OF YOUR BUSINESS?"

Then turning swiftly, like a fleet-footed Diana, she made again for the brink, and was just leaping in when the man caught her by the hair. "See here, young woman," he growled, "you're an almighty pretty girl, but I can't stand here in the rain all night for chances to haul you out of the drink. I don't like to be rude, nor nothing of that sort, but I guess, everything considered, you'd better come up to the armory with me and see Captain O'Donnell. He knows how to manage a cantankerous female like you a durned sight better nor I do."

Thereupon the sensible but unchivalric man grasped the soiled dove's arm and trotted her away toward Harrison street, *nolens volens*. They weren't an attractive sight, those two, in their wet and clinging garments, but they made the tour in safety, and the male member of the duet breathed a great sigh of relief as he handed his charge over to the officer on duty. She was at once booked and sent down stairs until such time as she should decide to continue living. She was indeed a revelation in the way of

PECULIAR AND STARTLING BEAUTY.

Her tangled masses of blue-black hair, yet damp from the recent search after nothingness, were bound back from a low, Clytie-like forehead in one deft coil which wound about the dainty brow as though it were a crown. Beneath flashed and glowed a pair of great luminous eyes which sent out from their puzzling midnight depths wondrous gleams of inquiry, doubt and questioning, over all of which there seemed to dominate the hopelessness of unutterable despair. The petite figure was arrayed wholly in black, relieved only at the throat by some little article of feminine adornment.

"What is your name?" queried Captain O'Donnell.

"Mary Hays."

"Where do you live?"

"I've been living at the corner of Madison street and Western avenue."

"Why did you try to kill yourself?"

"Because—but what's the use of telling you? Nobody in this big wide world cares for me, and if I choose to end my misery why, in God's name, should I be prevented?"

"Haven't you any friends?"

"Friends? No; not one. If I had do you suppose I'd have been doing kitchen-work drudgery

"TO KEEP SOUL AND BODY TOGETHER?"

"But you seem an unusually lady-like, intelligent girl. What is the matter?"

"Matter! If you felt yourself grappled with hooks of steel, and knew your destiny was dragging you straight down to the lowest pit of hell, could you stand it to face hour by hour that awful torment of a remorseless habit and fight as I have fought? Matter? The matter is I can't stop using morphine. Look at me now! Behind the bars of a common jail, bedraggled, unkempt, an outcast. My God! My God! why didn't you let me die?" and flinging herself on the hard wooden bench, the poor thing sobbed as if her heart would break.

"How long have you used morphine?"

"Ever since I was a child of twelve. My mother ate it, and I a poor, silly school girl, would steal from her box little quantities of the drug. It seemed a grand thing then, and I could conjure up the most gorgeous visions one ever saw or heard of. For a while the habit didn't interfere with me, but at last it bound me about with the most awful chains. You men," she continued, "may despise and sneer at me now, but it's not so very long since you'd have been glad to know me and lift your hats when I passed along the streets. I was born in New Orleans, and my father was for eight years state treasurer of Arkansas. I learned book-keeping with him and got a good place in the treasury department at Washington. Then I came to Chicago, and James Stewart gave me \$100 per month to keep his books. I lost that situation through morphine, but I procured another one right off, just as good, with W. D. Kerfoot. Morphine again, and the only resource left me was to live out as a common servant girl at \$2 a week. Once more—only a few days ago—I failed in even this miserable resource, and, homeless, homeless, a wanderer, what would you have me do but die?"

"Wasn't the water cold?"

"Cold? (shuddering) Oh, God! yes; but it was warm and kindly and charitable beside the people who fear it. I shall go down to the river the moment I get out of here. There is no spot in all this world for such a wretch as I."

There was a touch of inexpressible pathos in the last words, and the interlocutors moved silently away and left the poor girl with her sorrow and despair. How much or how little of truth there was in her story is not for the writer to determine, but the case, in any event, should be given the attention of charity.

ble people not wholly engrossed by the more crying needs of the African heathen who are as yet unsupplied with flannel shirts and Greek testaments.

A LAWLESS LIFE.

Short But Eventful Criminal Career of a Maine Boy, Who Now Figures as a Recaptured Murderer With the Gallows in Prospective.

ROCKLAND, Me., June 17.—Captain Ephraim Pendleton, of the sloop *Nathalie*, belonging in Islesboro, reached here to-day, having in custody Samuel D. Haynes, who, on June 11, killed James P. Robbins, a police officer in this city. The career of this young man is remarkable for the number of crimes which he has committed. He was born in Patten, Penobscot county, and while a mere boy he stole \$40 from a registered letter. For this he was sent to state prison for four years. He came out in 1876, and the following year he stole two watches and considerable money from the house of his uncle, Samuel Darling, also a resident in Patten. He served a sentence for this theft in the county jail. After the expiration of his term he went down the river to South Hope, and distinguished himself by a series of

BRUTAL FIGHTS AND SMALL THEFTS.

Last winter he turned up in the capacity of bar-keeper in a disreputable house in the outskirts of the city of Rockland, kept by a man named Shinnars. During the winter and spring several burglaries were committed in the neighborhood, and suspicion rested on Haynes and his employer. The latter went to Boston with a large trunk packed with heavy materials and brought it back empty. He was arrested and charged with the crime of burglary, some of the stolen goods having been recovered. He confessed and said that Haynes was the leader in the enterprises. Both were arrested June 7 and brought to the station-house. Haynes did not resist and seemed very tractable.

Last Wednesday night he was in the office of the station-house and chatted very freely with the officers. Two policemen went out on duty, leaving Robbins to take care of the prisoner. Shinnars had previously warned them to beware of Haynes or he would murder one of them. Robbins was a man about forty years of age and six feet high. He said he could handle a man twice as large as

THE FAMOUS BURGULAR AND ROGUE.

No sooner had the other officers disappeared than Haynes sprang on his keeper and dealt him a heavy blow on the head with a stove wrench, which stunned him. Two or three more strokes left him insensible, and Haynes rushed out into the open air a free man. A reward of \$500 was offered for his capture, and the police set to work to hunt him down. Last Friday he entered the house of Isaac Decrow, at Lincolnville Beach, near Belfast, and told a pitiful story. He was in a starving condition. The family had not heard of the murder, and supposed him to be a tramp. They gave him food and he left a knife worth a dollar in payment and took to the woods. Next morning the police got on his track and were actually within ten yards of him, but instead of firing followed him into a field in which there was a barn. They supposed he entered there and they surrounded it, but he escaped and made for the coast. He stole a boat at the camp ground at Northport, and crossing to Islesboro yesterday afternoon, called at the house of C. C. Hatch. No one was at home but Mrs. Hatch. He asked for shelter, but from his contradictory answers Mrs. Hatch suspected him. He told various stories, and made a special inquiry about the steamer *Cambridge*, the provinces, &c. She notified some parties, who

WENT IN SEARCH AND FOUND HIM.

These parties went to Captain Pendleton, and the captain concluded that he was Haynes. They found him in a tent getting breakfast and ordered him to surrender, which he did, while stoutly denying being Haynes. Binding him securely, they started from Islesboro at five o'clock this morning. They ran alongside the steamer *Katahdin*, and the clerk recognized Haynes, saying, "You have got the right man." Haynes then confessed his identity, and told about his prison life and his escape from the lockup. A telegram was sent from Camden to the city marshal, stating that the sloop was on her way to Rockland with a man answering to the description of Haynes. The news spread like wildfire, and the wharves were crowded with people. The steamer *Firefly*, with the sheriff, police and posse of citizens, started out and met the sloop. On her arrival at the wharf Haynes was greeted with derisive shouts, but was hurried into a hack and driven rapidly away, followed by an eager crowd on foot and in teams. When told about the death of Robbins he said, "Poor fellow; it's damned bad." There is great rejoicing over the capture.

Tragic Scene in Court.

[Subject of Illustration.]

MEMPHIS, Tenn., June 17.—This afternoon, during the trial of John J. O'Brien for the alleged seduction of Miss Lizzie Voss, and while the defendant was testifying as to his innocence of the crime, Miss Voss arose from her seat, near her counsel, and, walking to the defendant, said, "You villain, you murdered my father, and now you want to ruin my reputation." As she ceased speaking she drew a pistol from her pocket, but before she could shoot it was wrested from her hands by a deputy sheriff.

The pending suit is for \$5,000 damages, and was originally brought by Henry F. Voss, father of Miss Lizzie, who committed suicide in March last in consequence of his daughter's disgrace.

A Deserted Husband's Despair.

EVANSVILLE, Ind., June 18.—E. A. White, sixty years of age, a wealthy planter from near Selma, Ala., attempted to commit suicide yesterday. He had married a young wife, and she recently eloped with another man. White came North with a body servant, intending to obtain a home away from the scene of his disgrace. Becoming despondent, he cut his throat. He was removed to a hospital, where he tore the bandages from his wound.

THE PEASANT MILLIONAIRE.

Story of an Eccentric Farmer of Enormous Wealth, as Brought out Through his Recent Dastardly Assassination.

By the murder of Josef Weyer at Szentes, Hungary, the Emperor of Austria has lost one of his wealthiest and most noteworthy subjects—a peasant who was a much more curious character than ninety-nine out of a hundred peers and princes of the realm. Weyer was popularly known as the "peasant millionaire." Sixty years ago he began life as a small farmer. At the time of his death he enjoyed an income of 500,000 gulden, in spite of which he lived in a modest farmhouse, dressed as a peasant, ate food which his wife cooked, and indulged in no luxury except horseback riding.

The latter might be regarded as a necessity though. Like most Hungarian farmers, he was an extensive cattle breeder, and his herds were scattered over miles of vast grazing plains. He counted his houses and farms, too, by the score, and up to the day of his death kept all his vast possessions.

UNDER HIS PERSONAL SUPERVISION.

Many curious stories are told of the old farmer prince and his eccentric ways. He was a peasant to the core in spite of his enormous wealth, and looked it. At one time he bid at an auction sale of oxen, which, according to Hungarian fashion, were put up by yokes. There were 300 yokes, and the old man bought the whole 600 beasts. The auctioneer was a stranger, and when the miserable, shabby little granger who had bid so steadily was pointed out to him, he waxed wroth.

"Josef Weyer," he said, "do you know that it is forbidden by law to hoax a public auctioneer?"

"Surely, sir, surely," was the reply.

"The price of these oxen you have bid for must be paid down. Cash! do you understand? Cash!"

The old man dived into the breast of his dingy Dolman, hauled out a ragged old blue silk handkerchief, and without a word counted out a pile of 1,000 gulden notes, that

MADE THE AUCTIONEER'S MOUTH WATER.

"It's a pity you have no more bullocks," he said, as he rolled the remaining notes up and stuffed them back into his breast; "I was in hopes to be able to buy a thousand or so."

During the state of siege which succeeded the Hungarian revolution an edict was enacted forbidding the peasants of the Theiss valley to use saddle horses without a special permit from the military governor.

One day some gens-d'armes overtook Josef Weyer riding along some twenty miles from Szentes, on his favorite horse and demanded his pass.

"It is at home in my house in Szentes," he said.

"Indeed! And how is it that you venture to affront the law by traveling without a pass?"

"Traveling? Why, I am not traveling. I am

ONLY VISITING MY ESTATES.

The gens-d'armes grinned. They fancied they had a prize in this old beggar who with a sweep of his hand claimed proprietorship of a dozen leagues of land. Perhaps he was even one of the dreaded revolutionists. At any rate they arrested him, laughed at his request to send to his house for his pass, and as the judge was busy ordering insurgents off by batches to the fortress or the grave, he was locked up for several days. He did not grumble, and, true to his busy instincts, he potted around the jail doing light chores till a small official who knew him found him cleaning a window.

"Good heavens, Herr Weyer!" he exclaimed, "what are you doing here?"

"Don't you see, my son? Cleaning the windows. The gens-d'armes arrested me because I had no pass." The man secured his release at once. A short time afterward, on the day of his marriage, a lawyer handed him the deeds of a comfortable little farm and ten cows and oxen. Old Josef Weyer

HAD NOT FORGOTTEN THE GOOD TURN.

Weyer purchased his first farm from Count Steven Karoly, who let him have it on very easy terms, in view of his poverty. Marshal Haynan fined the Count a half million gulden for befriending Kossuth, after the capture of Ofen by the imperial troops. The Count's resources were badly crippled at the time, and his steward was in despair at his inability to make up the amount of the imposition, when a little old man, smelling rankly of sour milk, called on him and stated that he had heard Count Steven wanted to borrow some money.

"Well, what business of yours is that?"

"I thought I might help a little, sir. The Count was a good friend to me once—God bless him!—and



FAVORITES OF THE FOOTLIGHTS—MISS JACKSON, BURLESQUE ARTISTE.—
SEE PAGE 2.

"I WOULD LIKE TO HELP HIM IF I COULD."

The steward laughed heartily.

"Why, my dear fellow, do you know how much money the Count needs?"

"Excuse me—no, sir."

"Two hundred thousand gulden. Do you know how much money that is?"

"Look! look!" muttered the old man, scratching his ear. "Why, I haven't brought that much with me, to be sure."

"I should fancy not."

"But here is a hundred and eighty thousand. I'll go home and bring the rest in the morning."

Josef Weyer was assassinated most brutally by a drunken vagabond at a public house in Szentes. The miscreant, who was mad drunk, was shot dead by the police in attempting to secure him. The colossal fortune of the peasant millionaire will probably go to the state, as his wife is dead, and he is not known to have any heirs.

Too Awful for Anything.

There is a beautiful pellucid lake in a certain county in Tennessee which is noted as much for leeches as for the beauty of its clear water and surrounding scenery. It was an impromptu bathing pool for all the boys in the neighborhood, except on Sundays, when they went to church, lying about on the grass and telling stories, which were occasionally interrupted by the loud tones of the preacher. The second warm Sunday this spring four pretty, romping girls were staying together at a farm-house near the lake, and when every body started to church they allowed that they would stay at home and go bathing in the lake, which they did to their entire satisfaction. They swam and giggled and splashed like mermaids and nymphs, and then sat on the bank like frogs, and then splashed and swam and giggled some more, and calculating their time so as to get to the house before the church-goers returned, they presently crawled out of the water to dress; but what was their consternation to discover some dozen or so of black things attached to the snowy form of each one of the nymphs. They yelled with forty-girl power, and tried to pull the leeches off, but the varmints had too good taste, in more senses than one, to be pulled off. They stuck on faster the more the girls screamed. Their fright got the better of maidenly modesty, and the four fair damsels cut for home just as they were, in Tennessee bathing dresses, which means nothing at all. It happened, however, that Brother Ebenezer Crawford was sick that day, and the services were short, so that the four Eve-like fugitives came out on a main road and met two-thirds of the congregation. Their relatives did not recognize them in that slight attire of leeches, and, naturally thinking it was a female lunatic asylum broken loose, took after them pell-mell. Away they went over bush and briar, wood and bramble, the whole congregation, headed by the deacons, after the four girls. At last they ran in some haystacks, and it was only then that the dilemma was discovered. The chase returned, and four old ladies went out and brought the girls in.

A Midnight Duel.

The Washington correspondent of the Boston Journal writes: Among the many bloody duels on record as having been fought by congressmen was one in which James Jackson, of Georgia—who had been and who was afterward a United States senator—was the challenged party. He was an Englishman by birth, but he went to Savannah when a lad, studied law, was a leading Freemason, and fought gallantly in the revolutionary war. He killed Lieutenant-Governor Wells in 1780 in a duel, and was engaged in several other "affairs of honor," until he finally determined to accept a challenge on such terms as would make it his last duel. So he prescribed as the terms that each party, armed with a double-barreled gun loaded with buck-shot, and with a hunting-knife, should row himself in a skiff to designated points on opposite sides of the Savannah river. When the city clock struck twelve each should row his skiff to a small island in the middle of the river, which was wooded and covered with underbrush. On arriving at the island each was to moor his skiff, stand by it for ten minutes and then go about on the island until the meeting took place. The seconds waited on the main land until after one o'clock, when they heard three gun shots and loud and angry cries. Then all was still. At day-light, as had been agreed upon, the seconds went to the island, and found Jackson lying on the ground, insensible from the loss of blood, and his antagonist lying across him, dead. Jackson recovered, but would never relate his experience on that night, nor was he ever challenged again. He died in this city, while serving his second term as United States senator, March 19, 1806.

A large package of love letters from Rev. W. J. Park to a married woman has been discovered at Canton, O., and the indiscreet clergyman has consequently been expelled from the pastorate of a Presbyterian church.



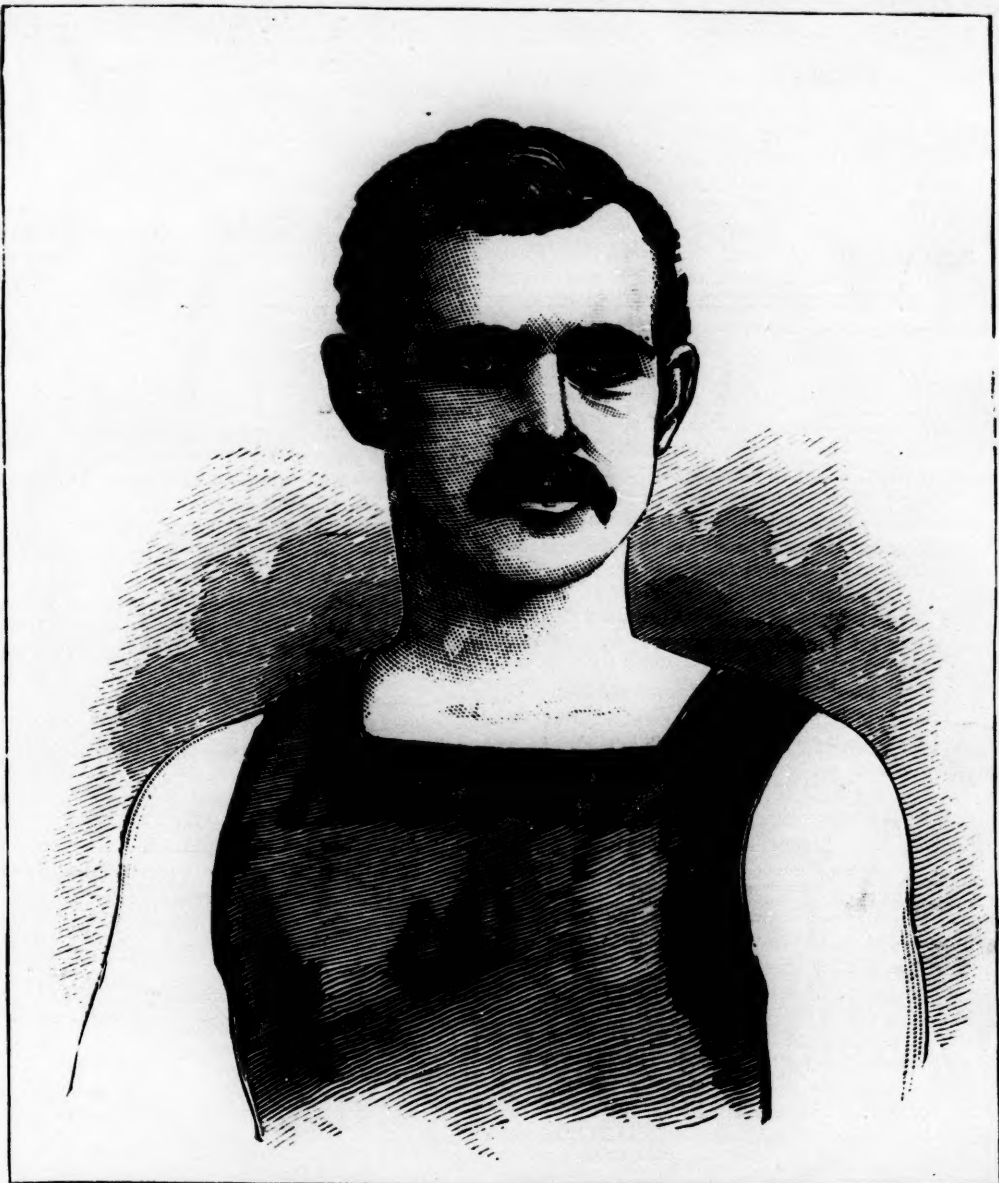
CHARLES SANDERS, FUGITIVE MURDERER OF POLICE OFFICER CHARLES PIUNTZ, ST. LOUIS; \$200 REWARD FOR HIS CAPTURE.



A. V. S. SMITH, EX-PRESIDENT OF THE POLLETT SEWING MACHINE COMPANY; UNDER INDICTMENT FOR SWINDLING; NEW YORK CITY.



JACK MURRAY, BURGLAR AND JAIL BREAKER; \$200 REWARD FOR HIS CAPTURE; COLUMBIA CITY, INDIANA.



EDWARD HANLAN, THE AMERICAN CHAMPION, WINNER OF THE RACE.



WILLIAM ELLIOTT, THE DEFEATED BRITISH CHAMPION.

THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL SCULLING MATCH, ON THE RIVER TYNE, ENGLAND.—SEE PAGE 2.

A NEW MEXICAN LYNCHING.

The Significant Warning Given by the Citizens of a Remote Town to the Lawless Characters Infesting It.

LAS VEGAS, New Mexico, June 7.—An event which recently startled this sleepy old Mexican town into something like American life and activity bears evidence to the lawlessness and disregard of human life in this territory. The fact is, however, that it was not an indication of lawlessness or barbarism, but it was an official announcement by the community that war had been declared against desperadoes and outlaws, and that henceforth they who wantonly destroyed life should be brought to account before a tribunal not to be bribed or intimidated, and which would not be swayed by any mere technicality.

The event referred to was the hanging of two men in the plaza Wednesday night. The crimes for which the men were executed were briefly as follows: About one year ago an Italian, John Duegin, murdered a Mexican woman, Tomase Gallegos.

WITHOUT PROVOCATION.

He was tried according to law, found guilty and sentenced to be executed, but the United States district court, as a court of appeal, overruled the decision on a technicality and ordered a new trial. The entire community was indignant and bitterly resented what

was considered an outrage, but was with some show of patience awaiting the result of a new trial.

Last Wednesday a train of freighters from Mesilla passed through the town, and the leader of the party, Manuel Barolla, stopped and began drinking. Finally he came out of a saloon, and, without any provocation, shot at a young man named Morales. The bullet took effect in the face, and Morales fell to the ground. An old man, named Benito Romero, respected by all, with children and grandchildren in the community, remonstrated, whereupon the human tiger fired at him, the first shot causing instant death. A rush was made to arrest the murderer, but some of his friends resisted, and for a time

THE EXCITEMENT WAS INTENSE.

A Mexican brought his gun to bear on Barolla, but, being prevented from shooting, struck him over the head with the barrel of the gun, inflicting a terrible wound. Amid threats of lynching Barolla was hurried off to jail, and the threats increasing as the Mexican population heard of the murder, a guard was stationed by the sheriff for his protection. This murder was regarded as the crowning outrage, and it was determined to make a terrible example for a warning to others.

The work appears to have been very systematically prepared, for about midnight shots were fired in a distant part of the town, and the guard being drawn

away the mob at once appeared, broke into the jail and dragged the two men to the plaza. This plaza is similar to that seen in most Mexican towns, except that it has been modernized by the Americans, and in the center is a wind pump, the frame work of which was utilized for a scaffold, and

THE MEN WERE AT ONCE HUNG UP.

Proclamation was then made in English and Spanish that if any one should endeavor to call the lynchers to account the one so offending should suffer the same fate.

A ghastly spectacle was presented by the scene shortly after the execution. The faces of the two men, dark by nature, were rendered much darker and were terribly distorted. Barolla had on his coat, pants and boots, while Duegin had on only his pants and a red shirt, which had been nearly torn from his back in his struggles to escape. When the jail was assaulted he was asleep, not having any fear for his own forfeited life, believing that the patient people would be satisfied with the life of Barolla, who was said to have been a desperate character and to have committed no less than twelve murders.

Since the time of Cortez the Mexicans have been harassed by attacks of tribes of bloodthirsty Indians, and of late years they have been more harassed by white desperadoes from Colorado, Texas and Arizona. Violence has begotten violence; crime has been met

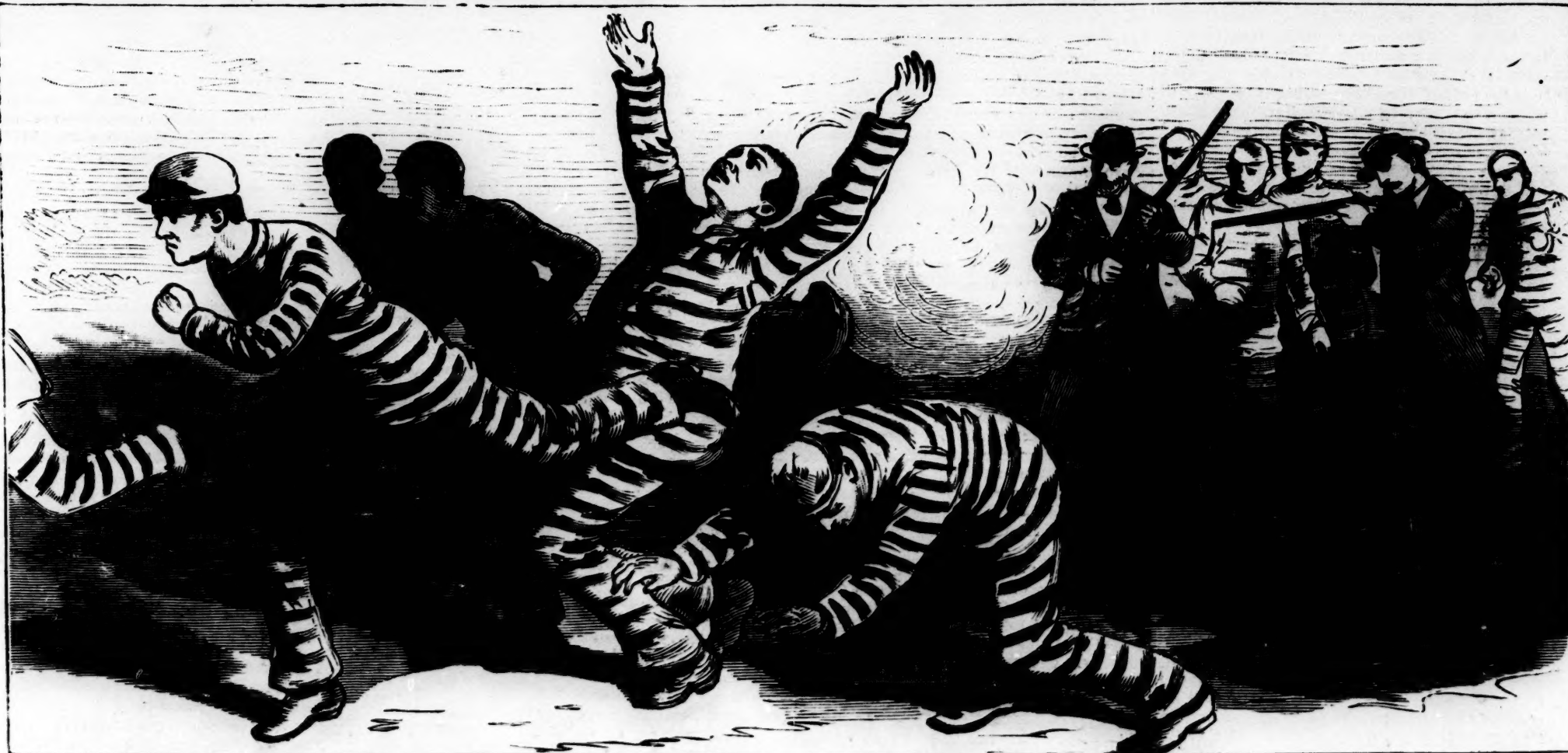
by crime. The Mexicans have learned how to use the revolver, and the crazy, drunken wretches of the plains who fire off revolvers in crowded houses are supplemented by Mexican bravos

WHO MURDER WITHOUT PROVOCATION.

Immunity is furnished this lawlessness by the sparse settlements, the long distances between towns, the infrequency of courts and the ease with which in this, as in older countries, "Offense's gilded hand oft shoves by justice." Barolla was wealthy; his brother was for years the sheriff of Mesilla county, had immense wealth, and altogether, heretofore, he had escaped the punishment due his crimes without difficulty. When in drink, and the murderous fit on him, he killed a human being merely from wantonness, without fear of punishment.

The result has been salutary. A crowd of Texan desperadoes, who had been ruling the town for a week in their own way, now obey the orders of the police a little more readily than the best citizens. They do not fear any man, but that frame in the center of the plaza is too much for the bravest of them. The universal "Yank" has come to stay, and life and property must be rendered secure.

The Austin Statesman says that Jim Currie's execution would be attended with keener satisfaction than that of any red-handed villain in Texas.



A BASH RUSH FOR FREEDOM—A PARTY OF TEN CONVICTS, AT WORK ON THE CAPE FEAR AND YADKIN VALLEY RAILROAD, NEAR CHATHAM COUNTY, N. C., MAKE A DESPERATE BREAK FOR LIBERTY AND ALL BUT TWO ARE KILLED OR BADLY WOUNDED BY THE GUARD.—SEE PAGE 10.

A THRICE TOLD TALE.

The Awful Murder of Alice Greenfield, a Tragedy Which Four Years Ago Shocked all Central New York.

HER HUSBAND ACCUSED.

He Languishes Four Years in Jail and is Three Times Tried for His Life and Still the Long Concealed Crime

APPEARS NO LESS A MYSTERY.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., June 15.—Criminal history rarely furnishes a case parallel to that of Nathan Orlando Greenfield, who will to-morrow be placed on trial for his life, for the third time, in a court in this city. He is the accused in the alleged Orwell wife murder, which sent a thrill of pain through all Central New York on the morning of its discovery, October 3, 1874. Since that day Greenfield has wasted nearly four years of his life in prison, under the awful shadow of a gibbet, waiting for a decision of his fate. The crime itself was

HIDDEN IN MYSTERY.

Orwell, the scene of the homicide, is a secluded little hamlet of about two hundred inhabitants, nestling in a far corner of Oswego county. Nathan Orlando is the son of a well-to-do farmer of the neighborhood, whose habits were industrious and whose bent was religious. At twenty he wedded a village maid named Alice Bloodgood, then only fifteen, and during five years three children had blessed the union. Then the insidious serpent of jealousy took possession of the once happy home. Greenfield frequently quarreled with his wife, and the fact that he had beaten her became

A VILLAGE SCANDAL.

At last the wife resolved to forsake her home, and so informed her husband. According to Greenfield's own story she was to have carried out this resolution on the very day of her untimely death, although then in a delicate state of health. William Hinds, a neighbor, had agreed to convey her trunk to the depot at Pulaski, six miles distant. It was of Hinds that Greenfield assumed to be jealous, but what cause or ground he had for his suspicion has never been made apparent.

Greenfield says that on the night of October 2, preceding the morning of the murder, he remained in the house with his wife until about midnight, when he quit the premises to lodge at the residence of his father, hard by. He claims that, having occasion to get up during the night, he looked out of his window across lots to his own dwelling, when

HE SAW FIGURES MOVING WITHIN.

He immediately arose and dressed. He then proceeded to the house of William Grinnella, not far distant, and awakened him for the purpose of having his company in case anything wrong was discovered. Together the two stole stealthily toward Greenfield's little homestead, where all was found dark and quiet. Greenfield, after trying the door, said he would go to the barn to see if everything was all right there, as he had accused Hinds of intending to steal oats. Grinnella did not attempt to go into the house until Greenfield returned. The latter in advance, the two groped their way into and through the small kitchen to the bedroom, the door of which Greenfield pushed open. It was pitch dark, and not a sound except that made by the two visitors could be distinguished. As the door of the bedroom swung back Greenfield exclaimed, "MY GOD! I'LL BET SHE'S DEAD!"

Grinnella then lighted a match. By the slender taper the fearful truth was revealed. There stretched upon the floor lay the bloody corpse of Alice Greenfield. A tattered chemise reaching to the hips was the only vestige of clothing left to cover her nudity. Her forehead was crushed in; and the implement with which the blow was dealt, stained with red and clotted with hair, lay close at hand where the assassin had dropped it. The unfortunate woman's throat was cut from ear to ear. Pools of blood and many evidences of a hard struggle were about the little room. Greenfield stood in the presence of the murdered wife as stolid as a statue.

The crime was soon heralded throughout Oswego county, and brought the country folk to the locality for miles around. The coroner's inquest was held the same day, and it resulted in the holding of Greenfield for the crime. He himself had no theory to give, and maintained a stubborn reticence toward all inquiries. Subsequently the jackknife with which the woman's throat had been cut was found in the house and Greenfield acknowledged its ownership. The blood upon it he accounted for by saying that he had cut his finger with it a few days previous. This, too, was his explanation of blood stains on his finger nails and on the casements of his father's door. At the time of his arrest Greenfield was a man about twenty-five years of age, of the country bumpkin type.

OVERGROWN, UNCOULTE AND UNMANNERLY.

His long legal experience and contact with sharper humanity than that of his native village, have sharpened his wit and naturally improved him.

Horrible as was the crime and dark as is the mystery which surrounds it the strangest part of the story remains to be told. It is the remarkable legal experience of the man accused of the murder that more than anything else has tended to make the case a celebrated one. Greenfield's first trial began in the Court of Oyer and Terminer in the city of Oswego, May 25, 1875, before Judge Noxon, Judge of the Supreme Court. The prosecution was conducted by District Attorney Lamoree and the defense by ex-Judge Huntington. Of the panel of 232 jurymen called 100 were examined before twelve suitable men could be chosen. On this trial the prosecution summoned eighty-two witnesses and the defence twenty-five. The evidence adduced was substantially as

above related. The case went to the jury Saturday, June 25, at half past nine o'clock at night. On the following Monday morning the jury came into court and announced their inability to agree upon a verdict. It was generally understood that of the twelve nine were for conviction of murder in the first degree and

THREE FOR ACQUITTAL.

The disagreement was a subject of universal surprise in Oswego county.

The prosecution being dissatisfied with the result brought Greenfield to trial again in Oswego, February 7, 1876. Three hundred and thirty-three persons were impaneled, from whom 176 were drawn before a panel of twelve were secured to serve, knowledge of the case having been so widely spread. The testimony brought out at the second trial was substantially the same as that elicited when the defendant was first tried. The defense sought to make capital out of some remarkable scrawls, dated at different points in Missouri, secured by the counsel, in which were contained sundry confessions of the crime for which Greenfield stood accused. The case was given to the jury at two o'clock on the afternoon of March 3. After being in consultation for two hours and a half the jury came into court. They found the prisoner guilty of murder in the first degree.

The usual stay of proceedings was granted counsel for the defense to give time for the preparation of a bill of exceptions. On this a new trial was moved in the Supreme Court. The finding of the jury was, however, affirmed by the Supreme Court, in session in Syracuse, January 18, 1878. The case was then carried to the Court of Appeals, which reversed the decision of the lower courts and

GRANTED A NEW TRIAL.

The next move on the part of the defense was for a change of venue, the argument being that on account of a strong prejudice against Greenfield in Oswego, where every jot and tittle of the evidence were household words, he could not there be given a fair trial. The motion for a change of venue met with success, the Supreme Court designating Syracuse as the place for holding the new trial. A consultation among the legal gentlemen and judges concerned settled on the 16th inst. as the date. On Thursday last Greenfield was brought down to Syracuse from Oswego to witness the drawing of the jurors from whom the twelve will be chosen. When interrogated in regard to his case he said he did not desire to talk. He hoped for a fair trial, and expressed confidence in the establishment of his innocence if his hope was realized. One hundred jurors were drawn by order of the court. The names of the jurors were withheld, lest a publication would lessen the chance of obtaining a jury.

General interest is manifested in the trial in this region, where the case has attained to wide celebrity.

A FATAL INTRIGUE.

An Infuriated Husband Shoots His Wife and Her Paramour as They Were Planning an Elopement, and Blows Out His Own Brains.

LAFKES, Mich., June 14.—A frightful tragedy occurred at Hunter's Creek, five miles south of this place, last night. Alanson Stephens, a night watchman in John Clarke & Sons' mill, at Hunter's Creek, had been married three or four months, and had become jealous of his wife, suspecting criminal intimacy between her and John House, a neighbor. On Thursday he visited Lapeer and purchased a Victor seven-shooter, No. 1, 22 caliber. When he bought it he asked if it would shoot straight, stating his occupation, and saying he had for some time contemplated buying a revolver for his wife, who was afraid to stay alone nights. He also purchased a box of fifty cartridges.

About half past eleven Friday night, while on duty as watchman, he stepped out of the mill, saw a light in his house, came up, and, looking through the window saw his wife sitting at one end of the table, near the window, and John House at the other end. He immediately went back to the mill, secured his

REVOLVER AND RETURNED TO THE HOUSE.

As soon as he entered he fired at House, who ran out, followed by Stephens, who fired six shots at him. Stephens returned, seated himself at the table, and wrote a six-page letter, stating that he came to the window and overheard House and his wife arranging for an elopement in the morning. When he married his wife they married to live together until death parted them, but he had changed his mind and did not wish death to part them. He had shot House, intended to shoot his wife and then himself. He requested that he and his wife should be dressed in their wedding clothes and buried in one grave.

After writing the letter and inclosing and sealing it in an envelope, he drew his revolver and shot his wife in the forehead. She fell to the floor, when he approached and fired three additional shots at her head, only one of which penetrated the brain. He then killed himself instantly by a shot through the brain. This morning, by the use of stimulants, Mrs. Stephens was restored to consciousness sufficiently that

SHE ACKNOWLEDGED HERSELF TO BLAME.

She said that her husband first shot House, and then occupied two hours in writing his letter. He then shot her, which was the last thing she remembered. After a few hours Mrs. Stephens again became unconscious.

John House states that when Stephens came into the house he said, "This thing has gone far enough," and fired at him. The first ball hit him in the temple, the second lodged in the back of his head as he passed out of the door, and the third struck him in the chest as he was climbing over the fence. The other three shots did not take effect. He went to his boarding-house, told a chum he had been shot, was washed off and went to bed. He did not know that Stephens intended to do any more shooting. House is not seriously injured but Mrs. Stephens can live but a few hours.

Both men are about thirty years of age. House is married, but has separated from his wife. The residence of Stephens presented a horrible spectacle this morning. The floor was covered with blood. Stephens laid where he had fallen dead, with his revolver by his side, and a trail of blood showed where the unfortunate woman had managed to crawl to her bed, where she was found unconscious.

JIM-JAM JOTTINGS.

Some Graphic Reminiscences, Apropos of Zola's Realistic Play, by One Who Has Been There, Touching the Peculiar Mental Condition Known as "Seeing Things."

Zola's story of "L'Assomoir" recalls a chat I once had with one who might be termed a professional drunkard. He had suffered terribly from excessive drinking; he knew its evils far better than one could tell him, and he realized his position thoroughly, yet he clung to the habit and avowed himself a drunkard. Said he: I've gone too far and too long on this road. My stomach has been made over and adapted to rum. The organ can't be revolutionized again. It's too old to leave off whisky. To change its feed would kill me in a fortnight. It isn't so good a stomach as the natural one was, but it stands a pint or more of brandy per day. I've trained it to that during these many years, and you can't teach an old stomach new tricks. Delirium tremens? Snakes? Jim-jams? Yes, I've had touches of them. You want to know how it feels? I'll tell you, although I never did much more than just

PASS THE JIM-JAM FRONTIER.

You have drank maybe a week, maybe more. You have kept extra "full" during that period. At last liquor ceases to tranquilize. You drink a half a pint of brandy, and it has no more effect than so much water. Then you are close on the horrors. Food won't help you. Your stomach rejects it.

New your punishment commences. You can't sleep. You are weary. Oh, so weary, but there is no rest. You are tired of thinking, yet the tired brain will think. You lie down, drop into a doze for a moment, and wake up with a shock as if touched by an electric wire. You are covered with perspiration. You get up and walk the room, walk the streets—walk, walk, walk, and then fling yourself down, praying for ever so few minutes' sleep. All this for days with people about you, and through nights, whose lone, silent, dreary hours drag, drag, drag, while thus you lie down and get up, and merely to kill the time you dress and undress, while people wonder what uneasy mortal is fussing in the next room and forever going up and down stairs. To stay the live-long night in that lone room is horrible; you are stifled, buried in it. To get out in the street is

ONLY TO CHANGE THE HORROR.

Your exhausted body pleads for rest. Your brain pleads for rest. But no Chinese torturer employed in keeping some miserable criminal awake till he dies was ever more full of relentless vigilance than your abused nerves. They are mad. They have mutinied. They have borne and borne the loads of alcohol you have imposed upon them until, frenzied with the strain, they have taken the bit between their teeth and run away with your body and brain. You realize this. You feel yourself borne on from horror to horror by this unseen power within you. Dreads undecipherable seize upon you. Your hands have a sensation of being of an enormous size. They do not look it. They feel it. Your head in like manner feels as if enormously puffed out. Then your breath comes spasmodically, hot rushes strike at the region of the heart, all the blood seems at times to rush in that direction, and you fight aimlessly for life and expect to fall dead. This is

THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE HORRORS.

Now you are fixed for seeing rats, and snakes, and vermin.

How many attacks can a man stand? How many? I've known men who weren't wholly free from the jim-jams for months. They saw the things continually. Didn't mind them at all. Got used to them. There was Greenwood, a lawyer in Sonora, Tuolumne county, Cal., he lived on whisky as nearly as a man could live on it for years. Sometimes he had the snakes very bad, and again they'd tone down to moderation, yet he had 'em all the same. He would sit in his office drawing up some legal document as straight and correct as the soberest legal head in the county, and all the time curse the crows (jim-jam crows, you know), for getting on the paper. There was French Louis, who kept a saloon at Jamestown, in the same county, who drank himself to death with his own liquor. He was a mass of blood, yet

HE'D SERVE CUSTOMERS TO THE LAST.

All the time he'd see a string of monkeys (jim-jam monkeys), running around the cornices of his saloon. "They amuse me," he would say, "and besides they are not so mischievous as real monkeys." There's a man living in the same town to-day to whom a phase of mania-a-potu is of no more inconvenience, apparently, than a severe cold. I'll call him Doncaster, which isn't his real name, but comes pretty near it. That man is a living contradiction of the theory that whisky in excess will kill people. He has for twenty years drank lakes of it, and the poorest whisky in the world at that. After a howling drunk at night, he will do a hard day's work and keep up the work and a modified sort of spree on more whisky, seeing all the time men around him (jim-jam men) who

TALK AND THREATEN HIM.

"They plagued me some at first," said he, "but I told 'em to git and they got." One night I heard a lot of fellows under my window plotting to rob and kill me. I thought to myself, if that's your game I'll take a hand in it myself. So I got up, took my knife and six-shooter and put out. When I got out of doors they seemed to me about one hundred yards ahead in the darkness, and one hundred yards ahead they kept for two miles, nor could I get any nearer to them. So I traveled, and they traveled, out of the camp all that distance, until all at once they seemed to make a straight shoot off the road, and I heard 'em next talking on Graveyard Hill. Then I saw it all, and says I, "snakes, by —," and turned about and came home." Then there was Dr. D., of the same camp. He knew for years that he was

DRINKING HIMSELF TO DEATH.

He was treating cases of jim-jams all over the country, yet he knew his turn must come. He feared it, too. For years before the real horrors got hold of him he

never saw a rat or heard cats squall in the dark but he'd inquire of those about him if they had heard them, too, in order to find out whether they were real rats and cats or jim-jam rats and cats. The boys detected this dread at last, and used to frighten the doctor by asserting they heard nothing, while the cats were singing their highest notes. At last the real article got hold of him. Not in the shape of cats or rats, though. Worse. Men with clubs and pistols. He got a club himself and ran down the main street screaming and beating the air with half the camp after him. An incident in his case shows how, in these fits, a man may be both in and out of his sober senses at the same time. Among those trying to soothe him after he was stopped was one Dave Horton, an ignorant but consequential person, and not at any time a particular favorite of the doctor's. "There is nothing after you, doctor, nothing at all," said Horton, much in the tone he would use toward a frightened child, when all at once the doctor hit him a lively

RAP ON THE HEAD WITH HIS CLUB.

At this, Horton's benevolence turned to gall and bitterness, and he wanted to fight the mad physician. Well, D. recovered from this fit, and a friend, at his request, told him how he had raved and acted. But when he alluded to Horton the doctor remarked, with a curious expression, "Oh, yes; I recollect that part of it. The fool annoyed me, and I wanted to get rid of him." As was his wont, the doctor kept strictly sober some months, and then went at it, and kept himself deluged with whisky for weeks, until the men with clubs and pistols got after him again. That time they settled him, and the doctor knew it, for, in one of his quiet spells, he turned to his intimate friend and said, "It's no use; salt can't save me. I know my case thoroughly, and the quicker I go the better I'm suited."

UP IN A BALLOON.

How a Wordy warfare Between two Jealous Women Caused a Distinguished Aeronaut who Went up Like a Rocket to Come Down Like a Stick.

CINCINNATI, O., June 15.—The Bible has chronicled the dangers that lie in wait for those who go down to the great deep in big ships, but the perils that environ mariners are but like the gleam of a penny-dip contrasted with the bright glare of an electric light when compared to risks taken by the daring souls who sit in a wicker-basket and cleave the vasty cerulean with the aid of a big gas-bag. A case in point is now recorded. Chief among the balloonatics of this vicinity is the Count Henri de Gilbert, who yesterday attempted to make an ascension from the Highland House before an audience of a thousand or more people. Thursday and Friday evenings Madame Thiers, a *distingue*-looking blond of an uncertain age and weak eyes, made capital ascensions, and she was announced to go up again yesterday, and to have as her *compagnon de voyage* the Queen of Opera Bouffers, Alice Oates, and a case of American dry champagne. When the hour for the beginning of the voyage arrived Mr. Gilbert concluded that he would favor the audience with a first-class ascension, and accordingly got into the basket himself, thus

BARRING OUT BOTH THE LADIES.

He treated with scorn a suggestion of Bob Miles, who urged him to take advantage of a breeze that would carry him away from any houses. It was certainly a piece of impudence on the part of Mr. Miles to presume to advise the successor of the lamented Donaldson, and fitly was it rebuked. Presently the Count, the ends of whose mustache bristled in the sunlight like the points of bayonets, sniffed the air, and finding that it came heavily freighted with the aroma of Deer creek, concluded that it was dense enough to float him serenely. Accordingly he made preparations to depart. Standing at the side of the car was the wife of his bosom, a most estimable lady, and Mlle Helene Thiers, and back of them was the eager and expectant multitude. Leaning a little out of the basket, he touched his lips to those of his spouse, as in duty bound. Had he confined himself to this display of affection all would have been well with him, but, unfortunately, with a disregard of consequences only possessed by sailors of the skies, he then leaned away out and embraced the lovely Thiers. Nor was this all. When their lips met they glued together for a full minute, and when they parted the sound was as that made by a mule's hoof when suddenly extracted from a bed of sticky mud. Mrs. Gilbert, as was natural under the circumstances, grew very indignant, saying,

"THAT'S ENOUGH OF THAT."

Mlle Thiers thought otherwise, and then began a war of angry words. "Cut her loose," shouted Henri. An attendant seized a hatchet and made a demonstration toward Thiers. "No, not her," screamed the Count; "whack it to me." The rope that held him to terra firma was severed, and the huge balloon swayed slowly to and fro, and then floated lazily upward. Had the Count been less busily engaged watching the wordy war between his spouse and the lovely Thiers, or had he, as Bob Miles cruelly remarked, "more sand in his craw and less in his basket," he would have seen that he was bearing right up on the lightning-rod of Diehl's factory. He saw, only, however, the wild gesticulations of two very excited women, and, instead of the warning cries of the multitude, he heard only the quarrelsome voice of his wife and friend. A moment later he caromed on the point of the iron rod, there was a sound of rending muslin, and the voice of a small boy crying, "Don't tear it; I'll take the whole piece." The next minute the balloon collapsed, fell to the ground, and Mr. Gilbert stepped unhurt out of the basket and started to quiet the trouble between the still fighting women. This was no easy task. At last accounts he was sitting between the pair in the private office of the Highland House, with both the ladies talking at once, telling him what they thought of him and of each other.

PLUMB TO PARADISE.

Cheerful Confidence of a Condemned African
in His Rapid Transit From the Gallows
to Glory by the Most Direct Route,

FOR WHICH DISTINCTION

He Had Fitted Himself by a Life of Disgust-
ing Bestiality Crowned by an Outrage
Upon a Helpless White Woman,

CHARACTERISTIC OF HIS RACE.

SMITHFIELD, N. C., June 13.—So frequent has the crime of rape become in this state that nearly seven-eighths of the executions which have occurred in North Carolina have been for this crime. Within the past six weeks six criminals have ended their days on the scaffold for ravishing women, and in each case the offenders were negroes and the victims white women, and the same facts apply to all the executions of rape in this state within the past two years.

Jesse Davis, the negro whose loathsome crime was expiated to-day, was a man of powerful physique, with thick lips, large mouth and large prominent eyes, the very type of the southern negro. He was constitutionally lazy, and never known to work when he could avoid it. He made loud profession of religion, and a few days before his execution was baptized in his cell and partook of the Lord's Supper, administered by a colored minister in the village. In answer to questions asked by a reporter as to his religious ideas, Davis said, "I am going straight

"FROM THE SCAFFOLD TO THE ARMS OF JESUS." Some one asked him if he reckoned so. His answer was, "There is no reckonin' about it; I know it. I've gwine straight up dar an' gine de percession that's walkin' around de streets ob gold wid Abraham, Moses and de Lamb."

Mrs. Margaret Champion, the victim of Davis's beastly passions, was separated from her husband, a worthless man who drank up all her gains. She occupied a log house located in Franklin county, near the Nash line, several miles below any habitation, with her little child, and supported herself and offspring by her own individual efforts. Although unlettered and uncultivated Mrs. Champion was regarded by all who knew her as an honest, virtuous and worthy woman. She was comely, tall, straight as an arrow, and had a pair of bright and intelligent brown eyes. Mrs. Champion had been twice married. Her first venture was with a federal soldier belonging to Sherman's army, in the latter part of 1865. Soon after his marriage he was honorably discharged from the service. Being a good mechanic, he went to Newark, N. J., and secured work, expecting as soon as he could save enough money to send for his wife, but

DIED BEFORE THAT INTENTION WAS FULFILLED. The widow about five years after married Champion, who if he possessed any one distinguishing trait it was that which would entitle him to be called the "champion chinner and bummer" of the county side. The worthy woman supported her worse half for several years until his conduct became unbearable, when she determined upon a separation which soon after followed. After her separation Mrs. Champion purchased a humble home in Franklin county, with the money provided by her first husband. Here she remained and with her little daughter lived respected by all. In this humble home on the night of the 25th of December, 1877, Jesse Davis committed the dastardly assault upon the lone and defenseless woman.

On the day of the crime the negro had been engaged in cutting some logs in some new land on a farm adjoining that of his victim. Several times during the day he saw her at the spring. At ten o'clock that night Davis went to the house of the woman, who, with her little child, was in bed and asleep. His loud knocking aroused her. In reply to a query as to who it was, the negro said that it was a friend, and asked her to open the door, which Mrs. Champion declined to do. Whereupon the negro burst the frail door down and walked into the presence of the woman, who, in her fright, had taken her child and concealed herself under the bed. As soon as Davis got into the room and discovered the whereabouts of his victim, he boldly informed her of

THE OBJECT OF HIS VISIT.

At the same time he laid a long butcher-knife on the table, warning her that if she resisted or made any outcry he intended to kill both her and the child.

Fear-stricken, far from any neighbors, there was nothing left for the woman to do but submit, which the brute forced her to do time and again. Davis then walked out of the room, coolly informing his victim that he would call again the next day and again embrace her. The next day Mrs. Champion made a complaint to the nearest magistrate. A warrant at once was issued for the arrest of Davis, and he was brought into the presence of the magistrate. Mrs. Champion was not at first permitted to see the negro. Seven other colored men were collected together and placed in an adjoining room. The woman was the blindfolded securely and carried into the presence of the men. Each man was in turn interrogated by the justice of the peace, and Mrs. Champion told to say when she recognized the voice of her assailant. When Davis spoke, Mrs. Champion said,

"THAT IS THE MAN."

Davis was tried by the superior court of Franklin. After a long consideration of the case the jury disagreed and were discharged. They stood eleven for conviction and one doubtful. On motion of the counsel of the accused, his case was removed to Johnson county, and at the December term Davis was tried, and after an absence of seventeen minutes the jury brought in a verdict of guilty. The prisoner took an appeal on the ground that his life had twice

been placed in jeopardy for the same offense, contrary to law. The supreme court affirmed the judgment of the court below, and at the March term of the Franklin superior court, Davis was sentenced to be hanged on the 13th of June. A petition, numerously signed, asking for executive clemency was presented to Governor Jarvis about a week ago, who refused to grant it.

The execution, although intended to be private, was witnessed by thousands. The scaffold was erected in the jail in accordance with the law, but the fence was not over six feet high, and the thousands of curious eyes which peered over the flimsy inclosure could easily witness

THE SICKENING SIGHT.

Booths were erected about the yards where ginger cakes, pop and other refreshments were dispensed. The scene was one of jollity and merry-making and, but for the gallows and the doomed man who stood upon it awaiting the fall of the trap to hurry his soul into eternity, no one would ever have imagined the awful nature of the event.

For several weeks before his execution, Davis had devoted his entire time to making preparations to meet his doom. He passed his days in singing and shouting which could at times be heard for a mile or more from the jail.

The unfortunate man was removed from his cell in the quaint little old jail here a few minutes after noon, and a hearty dinner placed before him, which he declined to partake of. He was carried through the prison and bade a final adieu to his fellow prisoners, who had shared his prison with him for the past year or more, after which he held quite a long interview with a minister in his cell. Later his two brothers paid the condemned man a final visit and said their last farewell. Shortly after one o'clock p.m., under the charge of the sheriff and his two assistants, Davis was

CONDUCTED TO THE SCAFFOLD.

There was great disorder in the crowd, and the sheriff had to have some arrests made to preserve order. The death warrant was read, and the prisoner was then given an opportunity to speak.

In great agitation and excitement he delivered an incoherent harangue lasting twenty minutes. He denied his guilt. He said it was true he knew Mrs. Champion, but it was with her consent, and when his visits to her became known she cried "outrage" and had him hanged. He said he was hanged not because of his guilt, but because he was a negro and Mrs. Champion was white. His denunciation of the white race, the judge, jury and sheriff, was extremely bitter. He said white folks were trying to go to heaven on their money, but the negro must go by praying. "All my sins are forgiven; I am going to glory, and live forever with the angels." He exhorted all to pray without ceasing, and meet him in the mansions on high. He asked the reporters to take down all he said. His harangue was delivered in the sing-song, plantation preacher style and under great agitation, which affected the crowd, and the wild shouting of the aunties and the moaning of the negroes

MADE THE SCENE REMARKABLE.

The ministers sang, prayed, talked and read the scriptures. At half past one o'clock all but the officers and the doomed man left the scaffold. The rope was then adjusted, the black cap put on, during which Davis continued wildly and incoherently talking.

While he was feeling for the chair he had been sitting upon, the trap was sprung, and Davis was dangling in mid air. There were five slight convulsions of the body, then the muscles contracted and the legs were drawn up once. The neck, being short and stout, was not broken. The culprit died in eleven minutes from strangulation. The body hung thirty minutes, when it was cut down and buried in potter's field.

The crowd (about fifteen hundred) was composed of men, women and children, colored and white. Many ladies whose dress and appearance indicated refinement and culture were noticeable. The intense heat and the excitement overcame two men, and they were carried away in a fainting condition.

A Husband's Tragic Blunder.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., June 15.—One of the most distressing and heart-rending occurrences that has ever taken place in this city was enacted at an early hour this morning, resulting in the instant death of Mrs. F. G. Noonan, at the hands of her husband, who mistook her for a burglar. Noonan was awakened by his wife, who stated that robbers were in the house, and getting up seized a revolver and went to a front room, his wife following. Arriving there, his wife thought she saw a robber, and, uttering an exclamation, clasped her husband around the neck. He became frightened, and thinking, in his excitement, that he had hold of a robber, he fired and his wife dropped dead at his feet. Mr. and Mrs. Noonan came to this city from Milwaukee, Wis., several years since. Mr. Noonan is the son of a well-known resident of that city, and was a graduate of Yale College in the class of 1868.

Shocking Orgie After a Murder.

[Subject of Illustration.]

CHARLOTTE, N. C., June 16.—On Saturday afternoon a party of ten men gathered at the house of Amos Owens, on Cherry Mountain, in Rutherford county, when, all becoming more or less intoxicated, they engaged in a free fight. Pistols, knives, rocks and fence rails were used by the combatants, and in the course of the melee William Wilson, aged about forty-five, was shot through the head and instantly killed by Watson Grigg. Others of the combatants were badly beaten and cut up, but none dangerously wounded. Wilson's body laid exposed where he was shot down through Saturday night and Sunday. Peace having been restored, all of the men, with the exception of Grigg, who had fled, gathered again, when they proceeded to drink, swear and fiddle over the body of their late comrade.

MONTE AND MONTE MEN.

Recollections of "Canada Bill" and His Methods; the Sharpest Three Card Operator in the World; How He Made and Lost a Fortune of Over One Hundred Thousand Dollars, all of Which He Extracted from Green Railroad Travelers.

Three-card monte is a swindling game at which it is impossible to beat the operator, and it has been so thoroughly exposed that there ought not to be any victims. Nevertheless the monte spider, seeking human flies of present wealth, dexterously handling his cards and skilfully talking the while, makes his living about as easily as he did in the days of the war, when money was plenty. An old railroad conductor, now a passenger agent for the Chesapeake and Ohio road, but who ran a train on the Baltimore and Ohio road during the war, related to a reporter of the Philadelphia Times that he knew "Canada Bill" to gather in \$8,000 on one train from Martinsburg to Baltimore, a distance of one hundred miles. "Canada Bill" is a name well known to the gambling fraternity, although he who was known by that title was some years ago laid to rest. His death, which cut off from the earth the smartest operator of three cards that ever was seen, took place when he was a trifle more than forty years of age. "Just as well to die now," said he, when told that

MEDICINE COULD NOT SAVE HIM.

"Might as well cut the game, because the cream of the monte has been skimmed. There won't be another war, and they ain't going to build no more Pacific railroads, and it's hard for me to play for ten when I used to catch a hundred twice as easy." When his last minute came, he sat up in his bed and called out: "Fifty dollars to ten you can't pick up the ace," and then fell back dead. The visiting angel had turned the last card for "Canada Bill."

That is the story told of his last moments, and may be true if the old saying has no exception that the ruling passion is strong in death. Bill's great boast was that

HE HAD BEATEN A MINISTER.

Chicago newspaper reporters of the year 1874 remember the excitement the city editors of the papers there, except one, were thrown into by the exclusive publication by that one of the story of a well-known Methodist minister who became a victim to "Canada Bill's" wiles on a train on the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific railroad. He lost nearly \$1,000. "Canada Bill" did not bear the reputation of having been the most expert dealer, but he did that of having been the most skillful operator. In the slang of his profession, "he could ring in suckers better than anybody," and here is a sample of his proceedings that came under the observation of the writer a few years ago: The Illinois State Fair, held at Decatur, was just over, and the Grangers were

FILLING THE TRAIN HOMEWARD BOUND.

Bill, wearing cowhide boots and coarse clothes, got into the train just moving from the station, and attracted attention by saying in a loud tone, "Well, no farmer has a show with railroads. They kill his stock and laugh at him when he wants pay for it. 'What's up?' asked his clever capper, and Bill related: "I brought three head of Durham calves down here from Winnebago county, and I got premiums on all of them. I was having them put on the cars to send home (by this time the attention of every Granger in the car was attracted) when the concerned fools lets one of them break a leg on the bridge from the cattle-pen to the stock-car, and they had to kill it to put it out of misery. I wouldn't have taken \$200 for the calf, but the railroad tells me I am shipping at reduced rates, and ain't got any claim."

The conversation that ensued and the statement that Bill had made put him on the best possible terms and in

THE CONFIDENCE OF ALL THE GRANGERS.

So when he presently spread his overcoat and said first, "I'll sue the road, anyhow," and then, "I found this little game that'll be funny for the Winnebago folks, anyway," he had no lack of listeners and interested watchers, and after that is accomplished the work of the three-card monte man is easy. Human nature, rich with avarice, does the rest. Bill drew out his cards and proceeded to tell how he had won \$530, after losing \$60, "just as easy," he went on, "as this. Now, here's the money," and he pulled out a pig-skin pocketbook, tied up with twine, which he undid and exposed a pile of notes to the amount of several hundred dollars. "No discount on that; easier made than turning a long furrow." His capper asked an explanation, and Bill told him all there was in it, and lost forthwith \$20 to his accomplice. By this time half a dozen pocketbooks were out and

BETS CAME IN FREELY.

In half an hour the train reached Tolono, where passengers change for Chicago, and Bill, about \$200 ahead, got up remarking, "Well, gentlemen, I'm going to Chicago to see a lawyer about recovering for that calf. Good night." And before the astonished Grangers could realize the situation he had disappeared through the door. Half an hour afterward he was seen on the north-bound train, dressed in the height of fashion and looking like anything but the coarsely-clad man on the Wabash road.

It is said that Canada Bill made \$100,000 during his career as a card-thrasher, but when he died, in Council Bluffs, Iowa, he left just enough of money to give him a decent funeral. Like many of the profession, he found at the faro-table his greatest pleasure, and his winnings went from him more easily than they came. He was a great player of draughts, and

WON MUCH MONEY THAT WAY.

Of his early life not much is known. He was born and lived for some years at Peekskill, New York, on the Hudson river, below Poughkeepsie. He was often arrested, but never stayed long in prison. After the war his field of operations was mostly on the Pacific railroads, west of Omaha.

Himself a man of daring and personal courage, he often had to face men more desperate than himself; but his presence of mind never deserted him, and when everything else failed he was ready with a weapon as his adversary. He never drank to excess,

and had no intimate friends. Some years ago he visited Philadelphia. It was in the days when faro flourished here, and the strict orders of the police had not substituted poker in private for faro in gambling rooms. Bill

CAME WITH \$5,000 IN HIS POCKET.

He was the guest of a well-known Sansom street sporting man, and Bill remarked to his host: "I'm only going to lose \$500 a night, so I'll stay ten days." He went into a Ninth street room that evening and left the entire \$5,000 on the table in less than two hours. For a month or two he operated in this vicinity. Every week he would come back from his trip with two or three hundred dollars, and at every visit he left it all before the box. One night he put out \$700, and when it had gone he turned in his chair and said to the owner of the house, "Lend me a hundred; I'm going to Chicago." He sent the money back the next week, with a letter which read: "Much obliged for the money. Chicago is good enough for Canada Bill."

A HUMAN BLOOD-SUCKER.

Strange Story of a German Tailor Who Has Developed a Dangerous Fondness for the Blood of Human Beings.

Ludwig Helreifel, a German tailor, living in Avenue B, between Second and Third streets, has acquired from his neighbors the singular name of "Blood-sucker." He not only indulges in animal blood as a tonic beverage, but expresses a preference for human blood, whenever he can get it.

This singular appetite was first made public by domestic troubles, which ended in a permanent separation between Helreifel and his wife; she, on her part, charging him with a dangerous inclination to gratify his unnatural thirst for blood at her expense. Helreifel is a diminutive, swarthy man. His head is very large, and covered with a shock of bristly, black hair that makes his head appear out of all proportion to the body. Hair seems to grow everywhere upon the man; even upon the tip of his nose there is a considerable tuft of hair. He is not a prepossessing man in appearance, and this, probably, has had something to do with prejudicing many against him. When asked by a reporter if it was true that he habitually drank human blood, he answered by asking if the reporter was acquainted with his former wife, Margueretha. On being assured that there was no such acquaintance, he then readily and freely told his story.

"Yes, it is true that I drink blood," said Helreifel, "and it is good for me. It is a good medicine. It makes me strong. The Germans eat blood sausages, and they all say it is good. But when I drink mine they say it is bad, and

THEY CALL ME BLOODSUCKER.

Now, what is the difference whether I take the blood before it is made into sausages or afterward? They make a fuss about nothing. But all the trouble came from that woman, Margueretha. She told all the women that I couldn't live without drinking the blood of some person. And the women, they told that story to everybody for the truth; but it is not so. She told them that I used to bite her arms in the night, when she was asleep, and then suck the blood. She made me so much trouble."

"But didn't you sometimes bite her arms?" "Well, yes; I did bite her sometimes, but it was not for the blood, although the blood from a person is better than that of an animal. It is just as much better as good wine is better than some common wine. If you would try it once you would see the difference. Human blood is richer, and it has a finer flavor."

When questioned as to how he came to acquire such a singular appetite, Helreifel said

IT BEGAN IN CHILDHOOD.

He was a very small, delicate child, and being the last survivor of six, his parents spared no trouble or expense to raise him. In Germany the poorer classes eat very little meat, while the children get almost none at all. But in Helreifel's case the doctor pronounced it poverty of the blood, and ordered a solid meat diet for the child. Even this did not have the desired effect, and raw meat, and finally blood still warm from the animal, was given to him. Every morning his mother would take him to the butcher's, where, for four pfennings, German money, a good drink of warm blood was obtained, the mother herself first tasting the blood to see if it was fresh and pure, or, as Helreifel expressed it, "not hum-bugged."

It this way he soon acquired an appetite for fresh blood. A cut or some similar accident when a boy at school first

GAVE HIM A TASTE OF HUMAN BLOOD.

Perceiving at once a difference, and that human blood was superior to animal, Helreifel acquired an actual appetite, a craving for the former. One reason for this preference was, he thought, because human blood was very difficult to obtain.

At parting Helreifel warned the reporter against heeding the slanders of his neighbors. "I like blood because it is good," he said, "but these foolish women think I am like that bat which sucks the blood from people's feet at night until they are dead. I am not like that, and they tell lies about me when they call me Bloodsucker. I believe some of them think I would suck the blood from my own veins if I could not get it from another person, but that is humbug. I like a glass of human blood just as people like a glass of good wine. It brings a good feeling and makes me fresh and healthy. Good wine does the same thing; there is no difference."

Attempted Assault on a Judge in Court.

There was a scene in the Baltimore Court of Common Pleas on Saturday, 14th inst. A colored man named Duckett attempted to assault the occupant of the bench, Judge Brown. Duckett was tripped in his efforts to reach the Judge and was soon under the thumb of the tipstaves. It appears that the negro had been sentenced for drunkenness, as he thought unjustly. Judge Brown believes the man to be deranged and has ordered that he be treated as gently as possible.



SONG-BIRD AMONG THE BULBS AND BEARS-GENEROUS EFFORT OF MISS EMMA ABBOTT IN BEHALF OF MRS. SMITH CONDEMNED TO DEATH FOR THE ALLEGED MURDER OF HER HUSBAND—JAY GOULD, THE MONEY MAGNATE, SUCCESSFULLY BEARDED IN HIS FINANCIAL DEN; NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 10



FEMALE MUSCLE AGAINST HORSE FLESH—Mlle ERNESTINE BERNARD, CHAMPION LADY BICYCLIST, PROVES THE WINNER IN A HOTLY-CONTESTED THREE MILE RACE WITH A NOTED RUNNING HORSE, IN THE RINK, AT TORONTO, CANADA.—SEE PAGE 2.



DEMONIAC CRUELTY OF YOUTHFUL RUFFIANS—YOUNG HARTER SEIZED BY A GANG OF JUVENILE GALLOWS CANDIDATES AND HELD OVER A FIRE UNTIL SHOCKINGLY BURNED; DAYTON, O.—SEE PAGE 11.



TRAGIC SCENE IN A COURT-ROOM—MISS LIZZIE VOSS ATTEMPTS TO SHOOT JOHN J. O'BRIEN, WHOM SHE CHARGED WITH HER SEDUCTION AND THE SUICIDE OF HER FATHER.—SEE PAGE 3.



A DISCARDED WIFE'S REVENGE—MRS. OLIVER TOMLINSON'S DEADLY ATTACK UPON HER HUSBAND BECAUSE HE WOULD NOT RELINQUISH HIS SUIT AGAINST HER FOR DIVORCE, ON THE GROUND OF HER ALLEGED VIOLATION OF HER MARRIAGE VOWS.—SEE PAGE 2.

CURRENT CRIME.

Weekly Calendar of Conspicuous Offenses
Against Person and
Property.

MURDER'S UGLY RECORD.

Another Horrible Crime Upon a Woman by
an Unknown Miscreant Who Escapes the
Consequences of his Audacious Atrocity

END OF A NOTABLE MURDER TRIAL.

A HORSE-THIEF'S MURDER CONFESSION.

GREENCASTLE, Ind., June 14.—Greenbury Thompson, in jail for horse-stealing, has confessed to murdering Frank Staley, a rich old miser living near here, two years ago. The preliminary trial will take place in a few days.

AN ARMY OFFICER SHOT.

GALVESTON, Texas, June 16.—A dispatch from Brackettville says: In a fight with Dr. Charles Rivers, at this place, Lieutenant Ross, of the Twentieth United States Infantry, was shot and killed, the former shooting him five times.

BANK EMBEZZLER SENTENCED.

WILMINGTON, Del., June 17.—Before the United States district court this morning Evan Rice, ex-cashier of the National Bank of Wilmington and Brandywine, pleaded guilty to the charge of embezzlement and false entries. He was sentenced to five years' imprisonment. The amount of the defalcation was about \$28,000, of which about \$12,000 has been returned to the bank.

PROBABLE WIFE MURDER.

The wife of Daniel Van Orden, a laborer, of Frankford Plains, Sussex county, N. J., died on Sunday, 16th, under suspicious circumstances. Van Orden, who had been on a spree on Saturday, returned home on Sunday morning, and, it is alleged, treated his wife in a brutal manner, leaving her on the floor unconscious, where her neighbors found her and summoned medical aid. She was before long to have become a mother. Van Orden has been arrested.

WANTON ACT OF A MURDEROUS SCOUNDREL.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., June 15.—To-night while the Indianapolis, Cincinnati and Lafayette train was returning from Cincinnati, bearing the Indianapolis Mannerchor Society, some scoundrel near Greensburg fired into the train, the bullet striking the window-casing and glancing therefrom, hitting Miss Margaret Frick, of this city, in the head, inflicting a dangerous wound. The lady is one of the chief singers in the Mannerchor. The confusion at the time the shot was fired was intense, and the scoundrel escaped before the train could be stopped. The lady was brought to her home in this city.

TWO YEARS FOR WIFE BUTCHERY.

At Pottsville, Pa., on the 16th, Stodd, the wife-murderer, was sentenced. Since his conviction of manslaughter he has been confined in jail, but his confinement has not affected him much. When he was called before the bar by Judge Walker, his counsel, Mr. Bartholomew, appealed for clemency. He laid great stress on the statement that the verdict was evidently a compromise, and that a large portion of the jury were in favor of acquittal. The judge then addressed Stodd, and imposed a sentence of two years at separate and solitary confinement at labor. In passing sentence the prisoner was told that his sentence was light, owing to the jury's recommendation to mercy. Stodd took his sentence very coolly.

OUTRAGE, MURDER AND PROBABLE LYNCHING.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., June 16.—On Sunday, 8th inst., the neatly dressed body of a white woman by the name of Woodward was found in the woods near Duncan's station, on the Atlanta and Charlotte Air Line railroad. There was a bullet hole in the breast and the throat was cut from ear to ear. Suspicion of outrage and murder attached to John Moore, a white man of bad character living near by, and he was arrested and put in jail at Spartanburg, S. C., in which county the crime was committed. To-day a large crowd of people gathered in the town of Spartanburg for the well understood purpose of lynching the prisoner. The excitement was intense, and so continues at the date of latest information, though the local military companies have been called out to maintain the public peace.

NEGRO DESPERADO DISPOSED OF.

GREENADA, Miss., June 14.—Near Elliott's station, a few miles below this place, on the morning of the 11th, Sol. Mitchell, a noted negro desperado, was ambushed by a party of white men and killed. Mitchell for the past five years has been engaged in robbing freight trains of the Mississippi and Tennessee railroad. He has been in custody several times, but always managed to escape. During his life he killed four negroes, and was a terror to the whole country. He was very defiant and had sent word that he would never again be taken alive. His body was perforated with thirty-seven buck-shot. The entire party who were in ambush opened fire upon him as he came in sight carrying a loaded gun. He leaves six or seven widows in various sections of the neighborhood.

DASTARDLY BUT UNSUCCESSFUL ASSAULT.

PORT WAYNE, Ind., June 15.—A most dastardly outrage was brought to light here to-day. About seven o'clock last evening Josephine Freeman, aged eleven, went to a neighbor's well to draw water, when, as is alleged, George Kanning, aged twenty, seized her from behind, placed his hand over her mouth and carried her by force to his house. He threw her down, choked her and attempted to tie her, but her vigorous resistance foiled his efforts to outrage her, and her repeated screams finally terrified him so that he released her without attempting further to carry out his vile purpose. He told her he would kill her if she made complaint. She was considerably bruised and almost paralyzed with terror. Complaint was at once lodged against Kanning, who was arrested at a late

hour last night. He is now out on bail, and the case will be heard to-morrow morning. Kanning is the son of a wealthy German, and his intended victim is the daughter of the late Sam P. Freeman, formerly city clerk.

GUETIG, THE MURDEROUS LOVER.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., June 14.—The Guetig murder trial ended this evening, the prosecutor finishing his argument and the judge charging the jury this afternoon. The latter were out less than twenty minutes, and returned a verdict of guilty with the death penalty. The prisoner heard the result with the same indifference that has characterized his demeanor during the last two weeks, but upon turning to leave the court-room he remarked to his counsel: "It's better than that other thing." "What other thing?" asked Major Gordon. "Up North for life." Both sides compliment Judge Elliott, saying the charge was the best ever delivered in that court, and that the case was fairly tried and determined on its merits. The result is favorably accepted by the populace. Guetig, it will be remembered, was under sentence of death at the same time with Achey and Merrick, but the supreme court interposed. The scaffold, however, has been kept in readiness, and the sheriff reports that he can fix to swing him on three hours' notice.

ENDED IN ACQUITTAL.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., June 14.—A case of murder possessed of unusual and interesting features, was concluded here last night. John W. Beaumont, a wealthy contractor, was the defendant. About a year ago he was tried for the murder of a man named Bawden, whom he had shot during a row between the two about some carpenter work. In the first case Beaumont was acquitted, but the case just concluded was the outgrowth of the first. In the first trial an important witness for the state, William J. Dees, was suddenly missed when most wanted, and he was never seen again alive. But his body was recovered from the river a few months afterward, with a bullet-hole in the head. Bawden's widow worked up the case, and, by a remarkable chain of circumstantial evidence, satisfied the grand jury that Dees had been spirited away by Beaumont. The latter was accordingly indicted for murder in the first degree, and his trial, which lasted five days, has just been concluded. The jury acquitted him, the defendant's counsel handled the case remarkably well.

LEADVILLE'S BLOODY DIVERSIONS.

LEADVILLE, Col., June 14.—This city was the scene of another bloody tragedy at a quarter to nine o'clock last night, when Jacob M. Grier met his death at the hour mentioned. The citizens of Harrison avenue were suddenly startled by three loud reports of a pistol fired in rapid succession, which was the means of attracting a large crowd to the spot where the shooting took place. Jacob Grier at the time he met his tragical death was employed as night bar-tender at the Merchants' Restaurant, on the corner of Harrison avenue and May street. He had a dispute with one F. M. Ritchie, who claimed to be interested in the restaurant, and Ritchie applied disgraceful epithets to Grier, where the latter struck the former in the face. Each drew their pistols and began to fire. Having reached the sidewalk in the meantime, Grier missed his man, who fired two shots in return, each ball passing clear through the bar-tender's body, and produced instant death. Ritchie was arrested, and lodged in the jail. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of willful murder.

MURDERED BY A COWARD IN AMBUSH.

DAVENPORT, Iowa, June 14.—A special to the Gazette gives the following account of guerrilla warfare in Washington county. Mr. William Riley, an industrious, hardworking and well-to-do farmer, living twelve miles south of Washington, was murdered yesterday afternoon while ploughing corn a short distance from his house. About three o'clock he sent a little son for water, and while the lad was gone, some fiend in human form in ambush surrounded by brush and grass, shot and instantly killed Mr. Riley, with it is supposed a rifle, the ball entering the head just behind the left ear, and coming out above the right eye. The neighbors in the adjoining fields heard the report, but it being in the Skunk River Bottom, surrounded by timber, nothing was thought of it until the boy, coming back and failing to find his father or the team, they having run to another part of the field, gave the alarm. The cause for this cold-blooded deed, and by whom it was done, remains for the future to disclose, although suspicion rests on a neighbor whom Mr. Riley accused some time ago of stealing his wheat.

SHOCKING OUTRAGE BY AN UNKNOWN VILLAIN.

COLUMBUS, O., June 15.—A mysterious case of rape has been engaging the attention and puzzling the wits of the police and detectives ever since an early hour this morning. Ann Paulston, a young woman aged about twenty-six, came here a few days ago to visit a female acquaintance employed at Henderson's boarding house, at the corner of Rich and Fifth streets. She occupied sleeping rooms with her companion on the second floor, but while the latter was out an unknown man placed a ladder against the window and entered the room. He first demanded of the young woman money. She pointed to her clothes and told the robber to take whatever she had, but not to harm her. After searching through her pockets the villain, overcome by his lust, outraged her person, telling her if she made any outcry he would kill her. She was the more restrained from raising the alarm by the discovery in the preliminary struggle to keep the brute off that he carried a revolver on his person. After she was released and the violator of her person had left by the window, Miss Paulston threw her clothes over her and went out into the yard to await the coming of her companion, who shortly after found her wandering in the yard, very much excited, and weeping bitterly. She related the facts as given above, and a search was made for the criminal, but he had escaped from sight, leaving the ladder by which he had entered the room leaning against the window-sill. The young woman is unable to describe the person of her assailant, owing to the fact that her room was entirely dark when she was attacked. She could only make out that the fellow was large and strongly built, and does not even know whether he was white or black.

MISS ABBOTT'S AID.

The Notes of the Song Bird Move the Hearts
of the Bulls and Bears to Contribute Lib-
erally of the Only Notes Current on Wall
Street, in Behalf of the Victims of Jersey
Justice.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The generous interest taken by Miss Emma Abbott, the well-known and talented vocalist, in the case of Mrs. Smith, now under sentence of death, with her paramour, Covert D. Bennett, in Jersey City, under the charge of murdering her husband, Officer Smith, and her efforts to raise money to pay the expenses of securing her a new trial, was noted in our preceding issue. Miss Abbott's first idea was to obtain the necessary funds by giving a concert, in which she was warmly seconded by some of her sister artists. This endeavor, however, she found to be up-hill work, for not only was the season nearly over, but most of the artists to whom she applied for assistance were either out of town or had pressing engagements that could not be foregone. On Tuesday afternoon, 10th inst., she went down to Wall street to get help, but, owing to the lateness of the hour, without success. Then she determined to raise the money by subscription. Accordingly, on the afternoon of the 12th, she rode with her agent, Mr. J. W. Morrissey, down to Broad street, and with a subscription paper bearing her own name at the bottom for \$100 she asked for signatures. Nearly every gentleman to whom she applied not only subscribed but thanked her and congratulated her on her efforts. By six o'clock she had in hand

OVER \$1,000 IN CASH AND CERTIFIED CHECKS.

In relating her experience in this self-imposed duty Miss Abbott said: "You have no idea of the amount of sympathy I found among those noble-hearted gentlemen in Wall street. I had heard of the bulls and bears before, and I fancied them something terrible, and it was not without trepidation that I went among them. Almost all of them were strangers to me, I had no claim upon them, and my only resource was to plead the cause of those two poor prisoners as my apology for troubling them. Oh! but they behaved nobly and generously indeed! The very first gentleman I saw was Mr. Gould—Mr. Jay Gould. He was up to his ears in business, and surrounded by all sorts of men, bothering and interrupting him, and I feared at first that I might never get in a word. But he gave me \$100 without waiting for me hardly to ask for it. I tried to explain to him about the murder and all that, but do you believe—he hadn't read a word of it—didn't know it had happened, he was so busy. Judge Hilton put down his name for \$300, and told me in the kindest way how much he was interested in the case; that it was a shame that the New Jersey laws should allow life and death to depend on a few hundred dollars, and that he hoped that I would persevere and get

A NEW TRIAL FOR MRS. SMITH.

"Don't you give it up," he said, "stick to it; and he encouraged me so much, saying that if the poor thing needed a lawyer he would volunteer himself. The judge was perfectly splendid! And the brokers, too, they were so kind. Mr. Charley Osborn wouldn't let me get out of the carriage, but brought me a certified check, and handed it to me at the window, telling me how much he was interested in the poor woman's case, and how he appreciated what I was doing. Mr. John D. Townsend told me that if Mrs. Smith needed a lawyer to prepare her appeal he would gladly give his services gratis."

Miss Abbott drew up and sent to the Rev. Mr. Rice the following letter, inclosing a draft for \$1,005,

THE AMOUNT OF HER COLLECTION:

"THE REV. DR. RICE—Dear Sir: As several days would necessarily elapse before I could perfect arrangements for giving the proposed concert to secure a second trial for Mrs. Jennie R. Smith, and knowing the importance of securing the money without delay, I appealed to a number of noble-hearted gentlemen, and through their generosity have secured more than one thousand dollars, the amount originally required. Below please find a list of the contributions: Judge Hilton, \$300; George G. Lake, \$100; Jay Gould, \$100; Charles Osborn & Co., \$100; Hatch & Foote, \$100; Alonzo Follett, \$50; B. Buckwalter, \$50; Prince & Whitely, \$25; "Wall Street," \$25; Robert Cutting, \$25; John D. Townsend, \$20; S. V. White, \$10; Emma Abbott, \$100. If, in the course of the trial, further funds should be required, it would afford me great pleasure to give the proposed concert.

"Believe me, dear Dr. Rice, always faithfully yours,
"EMMA ABBOTT."

The knowledge of Miss Abbott's generous and successful effort in their behalf served to greatly cheer the condemned couple. Rev. Dr. Rice has received enough money to defray all the expenses of the effort to procure a new trial. Chief Justice Beasley, of the supreme court, a member of the court of errors and appeals. It is asserted that he has never voted for the hanging of a murderer, and from this inference favorable to the prisoners have been drawn.

A Rash Rush for Freedom.

[Subject of Illustration.]

RALEIGH, N. C., June 14.—A party of convicts, at work on the Cape Fear and Yadkin Valley Railroad, near Chatham county, made a desperate break for liberty to-day. They had planned the escape well, and attempted, unsuccessfully, to carry it out. Among the prisoners composing the gang was one desperate character by the name of Huntley. This man, last year, committed the crime of horse-stealing at Wadesboro, and fled toward this city. He was pursued here and continued his flight to Greene county, where he was captured. He was a desperate man, and since he has been in the gang of prisoners has been the master spirit in the plans for escape.

The gang each night had to march some distance along a road to their camp. This evening at the close of work they were carried there, and when a farmhouse was reached ten men of the gang, led by Huntley, made a sharp dash right through the yard. The guards were not taken by surprise, and in an instant the leveled rifles vomited lead and death among the

flying men. Eight dropped at the flash. Two escaped, not being touched by a second fire which instantly followed the first. Dashing forward, the guards found four of the men stone dead, and the other four all badly wounded. Among the latter was the desperate Huntley. As the convicts rushed through the yard the people of the farm-house were at their vocations. A woman was stooping, milking a cow. One of the gang ran toward her, and just as he reached a point only a few feet away a bullet pierced his brain and he fell dead at her feet. She almost fainted from fright, but was not harmed. The other convicts of the gang made no attempt to fly, and it was only the ill-fated ten who took part in the foolish plan.

OMAHA OPERATORS.

Bold Burglarious Raid of Audacious Cracksmen in the Lively Metropolis of Nebraska.

OMAHA, Neb., June 13.—Another very d ring burglary was committed in this city on Saturday night last. Shortly after midnight a party of four men effected an entrance into the Saratoga Hotel, a large two-story frame house near the White Lead Works, many of the employees of the latter institution being boarders at the hotel. The burglars got in through a kitchen window, which they easily pried open, and going into the office and bar-room they broke open the money drawer and obtained a few dollars in small change. They next proceeded to explore the baggage-room, which is partitioned off with a board partition six or seven feet high. Among the trunks they found one which contained some valuable silver-ware, some jewelry, and a lot of good clothing, altogether worth over \$100, and belonging to Mrs. Kirsner, wife of the landlord. In elevating this trunk over the partition—the door of the baggage-room being locked—they made some noise, and aroused some of the inmates of the house. Hearing some people moving in the second story, they fired several shots up the stairway

TO INTIMIDATE THEM.

The landlord, Mr. Kirsner, who was sleeping upstairs, went to a window and cried out, "What's the matter?" He was answered by two shots from the outside of the house, the balls narrowly missing him. They struck the bedstead and glanced off into the wall, where they were afterward found.

A servant girl, who had been awakened by the noise made in tumbling the trunk over the partition, opened her bed-room door into the kitchen and asked if there was a fire. One of the thieves answered her by pointing a revolver at her, and telling her to shut the door and keep quiet. About the same time a belated boarder, named Flannigan, came home, and as he entered the house he was hal ed and had a revolver drawn on him. He was considerably surprised, but nevertheless he comprehended the situation, and said, "What do you want to rob me for; I've spent all my money."

"Keep still, you ———, and get back," said one of the robbers, who forced him to go into a water-closet, and then he closed the door on him, telling him to

STAY THERE IF HE VALUED HIS LIFE.

Shortly after this another boarder, named Reese, came home, and he also was run into the water-closet to keep company with Flannigan, who, when the door was opened to let him in was considerably frightened, as he feared the robbers had come to murder him. He was greatly relieved when he found that it was only another prisoner, and an old acquaintance at that.

The robbers finally picked up the trunk and started off. Not far from the house they met another boarder coming from town and they stopped him. "What's the matter?" he asked. The next moment one of the gang knocked him down with a revolver, giving him a severe blow on the forehead and leaving a mark there. They robbed him of 65 cents and left him. Then another boarder on his way home from town, was met, and was

SERVED IN THE SAME WAY.

They relieved him of 45 cents. This man says there were four in the party, and that he can recognize the one who struck him if he ever sees him again. They all had handkerchiefs around their faces—one of them wore a white handkerchief and another had a red one. They were all well dressed.

As soon as possible the police were informed of the bold affair, and a vigorous search of the city was made but without success.

The trunk was found about daylight, a short distance from the house. The jewelry and silverware had been taken, but the clothing was left in the trunk.

The Murderer of Officer Printz.

[With Portrait.]

In our issue of the 14th inst. we gave an account of the brutal and unprovoked murder of Officer Charles Printz, in St. Louis, by Charles Sanders, a thief and desperado, whom he was endeavoring to arrest, though in a friendly manner, at the instigation of the latter. James McDonough, chief of police of that city, offers, on behalf of the members of the force, a reward of \$200 for the arrest and detention of Sanders, and they will also pay any additional expense incidental to the capture and delivery of the murderer. Information regarding him is to be sent direct to Chief McDonough. A correct portrait of Sanders will be found on another page. Following is the description given of him: He is twenty years of age, five feet five or six inches high, chunky, well built, fair complexion, blue eyes, light flaxen hair, cut short, very slight light mustache, if any, round, full face, small ears, boyish appearance, small feet, walks stiff with no spring to step, turns his toes well out, when walking has a very peculiar gait; generally wears colored woolen shirts, no suspenders; understands cooking and baking; has considerable acquaintance with river cooks and roustabouts; frequents low drinking saloons and bawdy houses.

At Manitowoc, Wisconsin, on the 16th inst., Nels Nelson, convicted on the 14th of manslaughter in the fourth degree, was fined \$300.

MANHOOD MANACLED.

Astonishing Verdict of the Jury in the Trial of Samuel Hill for Killing the Debaucher of His Wife.

THRILLINGLY DRAMATIC PLEA

Of the Prisoner in the Recital of the Story of His Blighted Home, His unendurable Wrongs and Righteous Vengeance

ON THE DESTROYER OF HIS LIFE.

[With Portraits.]

ATLANTA, Ga., June 17.—On the 31st of last January, as John Simmons was taking a drink in the Peachtree street saloon, a man, deadly pale, and very much excited, entered the room and asked whether John Simmons was there. Some one answered:

"There stands Mr. Simmons now."

At this statement the man walked hastily to where Simmons was standing, and drew his pistol. As he levelled it at Simmons, he said:

"At last you ———."

Simmons turned hastily. The ball from the pistol went crashing through his brain, and he staggered half across the room and fell. Just as he was falling he said:

"HE SHOT ME FOR NOTHING."

Of course the tragedy created the greatest excitement. The killed man was one of the most popular young fellows about the city, and came of a powerful and impetuous family. The slayer when arrested gave his name as Sam Hill, and asked to be hurried to jail. He stated that he had been most foully wronged by the man he had killed, and at last stated that he had seduced his wife.

On the 12th inst., Hill was put upon trial for murder. There have been conflicting stories of the events that led to the crime, but the following seems to be the most generally received. Sam Hill was a small fish and ice dealer, and had a pretty good business. He is a handsome fellow, with a peculiarly pale face, deeply-set dark eyes and a brown mustache. His face is not facile, but it is easy to see that terrible passions

SMOLDER BENEATH HIS SWARTHY CHEEKS.

For the last year or two he had been unfortunate in his business and took to drinking pretty hard. From this dissipation he fell into gambling, and spent most of his time about the saloons. In 1876 he fell very much in love with a girl named Cora Spring, living in the western part of the city. This girl, the eldest daughter of a well-to-do, highly respectable machinist and his wife, was exceedingly handsome. She was only sixteen years of age when Hill began to pay her his addresses, but she was very popular among the young men of her class, being the undisputed belle. Despite her rare personal beauty and the temptations it brought her, she was esteemed as a quiet, well-behaved, modest girl, fond of her Sunday school lessons and correct in all her habits. Her parents were most estimable people.

She consented to marry Hill, and the wedding took place in 1876. The young couple were said to be thoroughly devoted to each other, and Hill was clearly

INFATUATED WITH HIS PRETTY GIRL-WIFE.

They lived happily and quietly for some time, but Hill's habits were very irregular. At length he left home and went about the country with some sort of a gambling scheme. About the time of his absence scandal began to busy itself with the doings of the young wife. It was said that she was fond of little escapades with her friends, and that she was seen at various masked balls where people of doubtful reputation were gathered, and that under the assumed name of Effie Etheridge she was the gayest of the gay girls that inhabited the metropolis. Of course, the entrance of so famous a beauty into those doubtful circles created a sensation and brought scores of young fellows to the feet of the fair and fresh comers. It appears, however, that none of these reports came to the husband's ears. At length, after his return to the city, he

FOUND HIS WIFE MISSING ONE NIGHT.

Very much excited he began to search for her. After three days of inquiry he found that she was at one of the houses of ill-fame in the city. He sought her there, and took her to his home again. About this time she wrote a long letter—or is said to have done so—to her husband, confessing that she had been untrue to him, and stating that she had been seduced by a man who represented himself to be a friend of her husband. In this letter is detailed the whole plan of the seduction, as she puts it. Another story is that the husband first discovered his wife's infidelity by securing a note that had been written to her by Simmons, in which he begged her to "quit that pale-faced scoundrel" and come and live with him. It is also said that Hill wrote Simmons a note, in which he warned him that if he ever interfered with his wife again he would kill him. It is a fact worthy of note that the two men had never seen each other until the moment of the shooting, and that Simmons had to be pointed out to Hill before he knew who to shoot. It is probable that Simmons died without knowing

WHO HIS ASSAILANT WAS.

The friends of Simmons claim that he did not see Mrs. Hill, but that she had been reputedly untrue to her husband before Simmons ever knew her, and that his meeting with her was purely accidental. Their story is that one night two young fellows had an engagement to meet two women of the town in the private wine-room of a restaurant. That when the two girls came to the rendezvous, they brought with them a third girl, who was, of course, *de trop*. This girl was Mrs. Hill, who was passing as Effie Etheridge. It was proposed that one of the gentlemen should go out and get a bean for her, that the party might be snug

and complete. He went out and found Simmons in the front part of the restaurant. He invited him to walk back and join the crowd, pointing in glowing language to the pretty girl that would fall to his share. Simmons consented, walked back and was introduced to Mrs. Hill by her assumed name. It is claimed that the young couple understood each other pretty well, and that when the party broke up, Mrs. Hill asked him to go home with her. He declined, saying that her husband "might put a head on him." She still urged him, saying that her husband was out of the city, and adding that

IT DIDN'T MATTER ABOUT HIM ANYHOW.

Simmons then consented, and the two went off together. His friends claim that this was the beginning of the intimacy between them, and that this intimacy was the result of a mutual fancy and agreement. They claim that it can be shown that Simmons was not the first nor the only one who enjoyed the favors of the young beauty, and that the alleged abduction was simply that she agreed to go with Simmons to this public house, where their intercourse might be more unembarrassed and subject to fewer interruptions.

The defense made a strong case, and declared that the wife was pure and loving and happy until she was seduced by Simmons. They denied that she ever admitted any man to her arms save him, and that he betrayed her by a long and skillful siege, which he opened by appearing to her as the friend of her absent husband, and thus winning her confidence. They claimed that the meeting in the restaurant was not an accidental thing, but that it was deliberately arranged to get Mrs. Hill in Simmons's clutches, and that it was not their first meeting, but that he had met her many times before. They acknowledged that she had been seen at various places of doubtful reputation but claimed that it was always under the persuasion or threats or deceptions of Simmons. As to her presence at the house of ill-fame, they claimed that was pure and simple abduction, managed by Simmons, to get her back into his power, she having withdrawn herself from him, and declared that

SHE WOULD NOT SEE HIM AGAIN.

The main witnesses in the trial were young women and men about the city who happened to be caught in the network of events that hung about the case. The court-room was packed. The prisoner was surrounded by quite a group. Hill's wife, whose devotion to him since the shooting was certainly touching and profound, sat immediately next to him, and his arm clasped her constantly. Occasionally he leaned toward her, pressed his lips to her face and whispered to her. She was heavily veiled, but her pretty face shone through the baize and created a sensation throughout the room. She was quietly dressed, and seemed to be perfectly contented by her husband.

Her father, who has the respect and sympathy of all who know him, sat by her, and seemed to be devoted as much to his son-in-law as to his daughter. The brother of the prisoner, Mayor Hill, of Chattanooga, and Chancellor Bradford, of the East Tennessee circuit, were in attendance.

In the first day's contest the defense succeeded in showing that Simmons did take Mrs. Hill from her house to a house of ill-fame, but the state showed that this was not seduction, as Mrs. Hill had been seduced before. He asked one of the defense witnesses if he had not been out with Mrs. Hill on secret promenades. He said that he had taken her out at night frequently; that he visited her constantly in her husband's absence, and that once he had to leave the house

SO HURRIEDLY THAT HE LEFT SOME OF HIS CLOTHES. When asked if he had criminal intercourse with her he hesitated. The judge said he might refuse to answer if answering would criminate himself. He took advantage of this and declined to answer. Another witness took refuge in the same manner, but had seen her at lewd balls; had seen her go out in men's clothes and had seen her dressed in tights.

Hill appeared to be intensely excited while these things were being sworn. One of his counsel remarked in private that Hill thought more of his wife's character than he did of his own neck, and that he was injuring the case. It was established through the evidence of Mr. L. D. Spring, father of Mrs. Hill, and others, that Hill's grief at his wife's leaving home was frantic and ungovernable. He spent the night searching for her, and when he found her, moved her to the country. Simmons followed her to the country. It was settled beyond doubt that Simmons was

THE MAN WHO CARRIED HER OFF FROM HER HOME.

Several witnesses swore that they had warned Simmons against going with another man's wife, but he always said Hill wouldn't shoot, and if he did he would be ready for him. He always carried a pistol. A female witness swore that Simmons told her that one night he was with Mrs. Hill at her home when there was a knock at the door. She said it was her husband, and she asked Simmons to give her \$10, which she carried to the door. She returned, saying, "We are rid of him now." This was ruled out as hearsay evidence.

The state brought in several witnesses to break down the character of Mrs. Hill. Several married men were introduced, and were proved to have been at balls in places of doubtful reputation. Indeed, the case took in many an unexpected outsider. It was shown that she was a gay and prominent figure in the fast society of the city, in which, on account of a star and moon that had been tattooed on her arm in India ink, she was known by the fanciful title of

"THE STAR-MOON WOMAN."

The following letter, written by Mrs. Hill, was offered in evidence:

"MRS. PHILLIPS—Madam: Your many requests for me to see your friend, Mr. L. C., and my apparent neglect to do so has, I know, made you angry with me. I will promise you anything in my power but that request. My dear husband is with me, and what would become of me if he only knew how J. S. had treated me, and what you are endeavoring to make me do. Mr. Hill wants me to go to the matinee this afternoon, and has purchased the tickets. I must go.

How do you think I will feel? Oh, how mortifying it will be to me! Oh, please, for my dear husband's and my own sake, bring no more notes from J. S. I will do anything I can for you if you cease your visits to my house. Give my compliments to your daughters Annie and Corene. Tell them I say may God bless and protect them. Yours, most wretchedly,

ATLANTA, GA., Dec. 7, 1878. EFFIE ETHERIDGE."

The following postal card, testified to by Mr. Spinks, was next read:

"Dear husband, good-by. Forgive me if you can. I am gone. Your wife, for the last time."

Next in order was the following:

AN UNFINISHED LETTER.

ATLANTA, GA.

"MY DARLING HUSBAND: I call you by that name for the last time on earth. Forgive me. I know you cannot, nor do I ask you. Little did you or I dream that we were bidding each other an eternal farewell, and I might have known you—"

The morning of the third day, the 14th was consumed with witnesses who testified to Mrs. Hill's good character previous to her intimacy with Simmons. Then came Hill's own statement which all pronounced one of the most dramatic and thrilling, perhaps, ever heard in a court-room. He spoke without notes earnestly, passionately and eloquently, and produced a most performed sensation.

He opened by remarking, that the statement of the prisoner was not taken under oath, but that he wanted to say what he had to say not under the restriction of an oath. He said: "I arise with a broken heart to speak of a woman I worship. If I vary one iota from the truth may the God Almighty, that I am sure to meet, strike me dead in my tracks where I stand."

He then said Simmons had loved his (Hill's) wife from the time she was a girl, and had often tried to win favors from her; that he, at last, betrayed her into a public house by pretending he was taking her to her husband, and there

FORCIBLY DESPOILED HER OF HER HONOR.

That he afterward used this power over the girl, and begged her away from her home; that the poor woman at last confessed to him, and wrote a long letter, detailing how she had been ruined. He then forgave her, and took her into the country. Simmons followed her there, and when she refused to go with him, wrote her a threatening note. She showed this to Hill, and he then went to hunt for Simmons. Simmons avoided him, but at last they met. Hill said:

"I saw him run his hand in his pocket as he saw me I said, 'Jerk it out! Jerk it! D—n you, for you've got to die!' and blizz went my pistol, and down he came."

Speaking of the killing, Hill said he did not regret it, and would do it again, but he regretted having to do it. He then said, "I will now read you the law of God on this subject," and asked the solicitor to read the sixth chapter of Proverbs, which was done. In closing Hill said:

"Gentlemen, I loved my wife, and

"I LOVE HER NOW."

I killed Simmons because he invaded the sanctity of my home and ruined my wife. I have no excuse to offer. If this was wrong, hang me. I will die like a man. It is with you to decide. I love my wife better than my life. Our life was one long honeymoon. I do not ask your sympathy, but only justice."

In describing how he searched for his wife, and how he found her in the public house, and how she fell crying in his arms and told him she was not there by her own will, the prisoner cried bitterly, and the whole court-room was affected.

During the delivery of the statement the vast audience paused in almost breathless silence. He was at times eloquent, especially so when touching upon his affection for his wife. It was the most dramatic effort ever rendered by a prisoner to a jury in the history of Fulton county. The jurymen wept freely during its delivery. It caused the tide of public feeling to set strongly in favor of the prisoner, and it was the universal opinion that he would be acquitted. The result, however, proved contrary to the general expectation. The arguments in the case consumed the whole of two days, the proceedings closing with Judge Hillyer's charge to the jury about nine o'clock to-night. Shortly after midnight the jury returned with a verdict of guilty of murder, much to the general surprise, but with a recommendation of mercy and imprisonment for life. The judge's charge and re-charge when called on are considered very severe. Much surprise is expressed at the verdict, and a new trial is expected. New evidence and insanity are the pleas for a new trial.

A Woman's Verdict.

Edward Jenkins, a robust roofer in Cincinnati, was drunken and brutal. His common diversion when intoxicated was to maltreat his mistress. After using his fist upon her for several years, and possibly tiring of the sameness of the sport, he chopped her with a hatchet. She was several months recovering in a hospital, and on getting out she went back to live with Jenkins. He tried to be contented with occasionally beating her, but at length gave way and stabbed her with a knife, very nearly killing her. She rejoined him before the wound had entirely healed. A few days ago he struck her with a poker, and then began to cut her with a knife. She ran, and he chased her, inflicting dreadful wounds whenever he got within reach. She begged for her life, but he did not let her alone until he thought she was dead. Then he fled, bareheaded, bloodstained, and disordered in apparel. Policemen chased him until, cornered on a ferryboat, he leaped into the river and was drowned. The woman said, on learning of his death: "Poor Ed., I don't think he ever meant me any harm."

John Watts, a noted gambler, died a few days ago in Philadelphia. He was a man of great importance aboard the Mississippi steamers in the old times, and his gambling exploits are still recounted. Although a heavy player and clever swindler, he saved no money. His last words were: "I'll bet \$10 that I get well."

A MASSACHUSETTS MONSTER.

The Yankee Cannibal who Astounds His Quiet Neighbors by the Hideous Habits He Acquired During a Long Captivity Among the Man-Eating Savages of the South Sea Islands.

BERKSHIRE, Mass., June 16.—This quiet, out-of-the-way Berkshire town has not been so stirred since the brutal murder of Mrs. Hazzard, a few years ago, as by the discovery of a live cannibal within its borders. A large number of strangers have visited the place already to see what sort of a being this might be. The place is several miles up the mountains, away from all other human habitations, and can be reached only by walking. A more dreary, desolate and uncomfortable spot cannot be imagined than that where John Smith, the confessed cannibal, and his wife live, in an old log hut that barely furnishes shelter. The hut is in a hollow at the top of one of the highest mountains in this region, from which a fine view of the country for twenty miles around can be had. Smith lives on a small farm, owned by a cattle raiser, who gives him his rent free for acting as his herdsman. But Mrs. Smith, who is a strong, healthy French woman, really does all the work of the place, while her husband roams about at his will, fishing, hunting and

WORSHIPING HIS IDOLS.

The woman plows, plants and does all other kinds of out-door work, but as for housekeeping, there seems to be little of it. The couple have been married eight years, but have no children.

Smith himself was returning from the pond east of the town at the time of the visit, and his appearance was not such as to strike terror into the hearts of his visitors. He is apparently about fifty years old, with a gray, bushy beard, of medium size, and an eye which wanders about from object to object in a way to indicate that his mind dwells on no one thing long. He was quite communicative, and when his cannibalistic propensities were referred to he laughed a coarse, brutal laugh, sufficient to convince anybody that his tastes are most degraded and vile. He said he was born near Rhinebeck, N. Y., but his parents died before he was old enough to know them. Early in life he ran away from home, and at fifteen went to sea. He was shipwrecked on the South Sea Islands, where cannibalism was practiced and their worship was idolatry. Tobacco was found on his person, and this rendered him

UNFIT FOR THE CANNIBAL PALATE.

How long he remained on the islands he does not know, but it was so long that he not only became accustomed to but even entered into all the savage rites and acquired an appetite for human flesh, which he acknowledges still possesses him. He denies the story that he once ate a man in New Jersey, but says he offered to work six months for Chester Merrifield, of Blandford, in exchange for one of his daughters, a buxom miss, whom he wanted to feast on, and he speaks of the proposition as a very liberal one. There is no doubt that the man has a relish for raw fish, toads and even snakes, for in the presence of his visitors he chewed up a live toad which happened to hop in his path. One of the party offered Smith a drink of whisky from a bottle, and he bit off the bottle at the neck and chewed it up, certainly a sufficient

PROOF THAT HE HAS AN IRON JAW.

During the war Smith was in the marine service, being attached to the frigate St. Louis, which cruized about in the Mediterranean in pursuit of the Alabama. After the war he wandered about in all parts of the world, following the sea much of the time. He has lived in Otis for four years, but no particular attention was called to his habits until lately. His religion is a mixture of idolatry, Mohammedanism and other strange rites, acquired, no doubt, during his travels. He worships a huge idol which he has built part way up the mountain and calls it "Boudiah." At ten o'clock every Sunday morning he bows down before his idol, prays to it, sings and dances, the whole exercises taking about an hour. Three other gods similar to this, but smaller, Smith says, have been stolen from him by Christians.

Demoniac Cruelty of Youthful Ruffians.

[Subject of Illustration.]

DAYTON, O., June 14.—A case of shocking cruelty was reported to the mayor a few days since, which is certainly calculated to make one feel that instead of progressing in the scale of civilization the people of Dayton are drifting to the most heartless and savage barbarism.

Joseph Harter reports that on Monday evening, 9th inst., his little boy about six years of age, while passing along Warren and Main streets near their junction, was seized by a number of boys somewhat older than himself and shockingly maltreated. The boys had a fire kindled, and catching the Harter boy held him over and in the fire until the soles of his feet (he was bare-footed) were so shockingly burned that the skin has come off. They forced him to stand in the fire until some of the live coals burned into the flesh and remained there until he was removed home. The boy in passing that way before had been stoned and abused until he was afraid to pass that way alone, and to protect him on that evening his sister had gone with him, but as everything seemed quiet, she went into the residence of a relative residing in that vicinity, and while there the outrage was committed. He was taken home in a wagon, as he was, of course, unable to walk, and was attended by a skillful physician, but he fainted several times from his agony. The officers are on the alert, and, it is believed, will succeed in arresting the guilty parties; and, for the sake of decency, it is to be hoped that they will be successful.

To be Hanged at Last.

HARRISBURG, Pa., June 18.—The Board of Pardons to-day refused the application for a commutation of the death sentence in the case of Nimrod Spattenhuber, who will be hanged at Lebanon on July 3.

A False Wife's Humiliation.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A couple were occupying a middle seat in the ladies' car, on a railroad in Colorado recently, having got on at a way station. Probably attracted by the invisible fascination which never fails to bring about a *contretemps*, a gentleman from a rear car came in and took a seat immediately behind the pair. There was a shock of surprise as his eyes first fell upon them, and a pallor overspread his countenance. But this was for an instant only. Then a flush succeeded, and a queer smile began to play around the corners of his set, determined lips. An hour passed. The billing and cooing went on, and the man was a patient and evidently an interested listener. The people in the car began to perceive that something unusual was going on. Finally the man leaned forward, with that peculiar smile still hovering about his lips, and said:

"I beg pardon, but you seem to be enjoying yourselves immensely."

The lady rose with a stifled scream, and wheeling around, confronted the stranger with a pallid face and great, staring eyes. Her companion was no less disconcerted. He, too, had risen to his feet, and stood uneasily looking at the intruder, flushing and paling by turns.

"My God, it has come at last!" wailed the woman. The stranger was cool and imperturbable.

"You did not expect to see me, did you?"

"Heaven knows I did not!" exclaimed the lady, from whose eyes the tears had already begun to trickle.

"Well, it's not unusual. People often meet under peculiar circumstances. I suppose you are on your bridal tour?"

The lady covered her face with her hands and sank back into her seat. She had already begun to sob hysterically.

"I happened along this way by mere chance," continued the stranger. "I am going west to Leadville. I thought I would try and do something for the children, inasmuch as you have left us. But I trust you will not let this accidental meeting disturb your enjoyment."

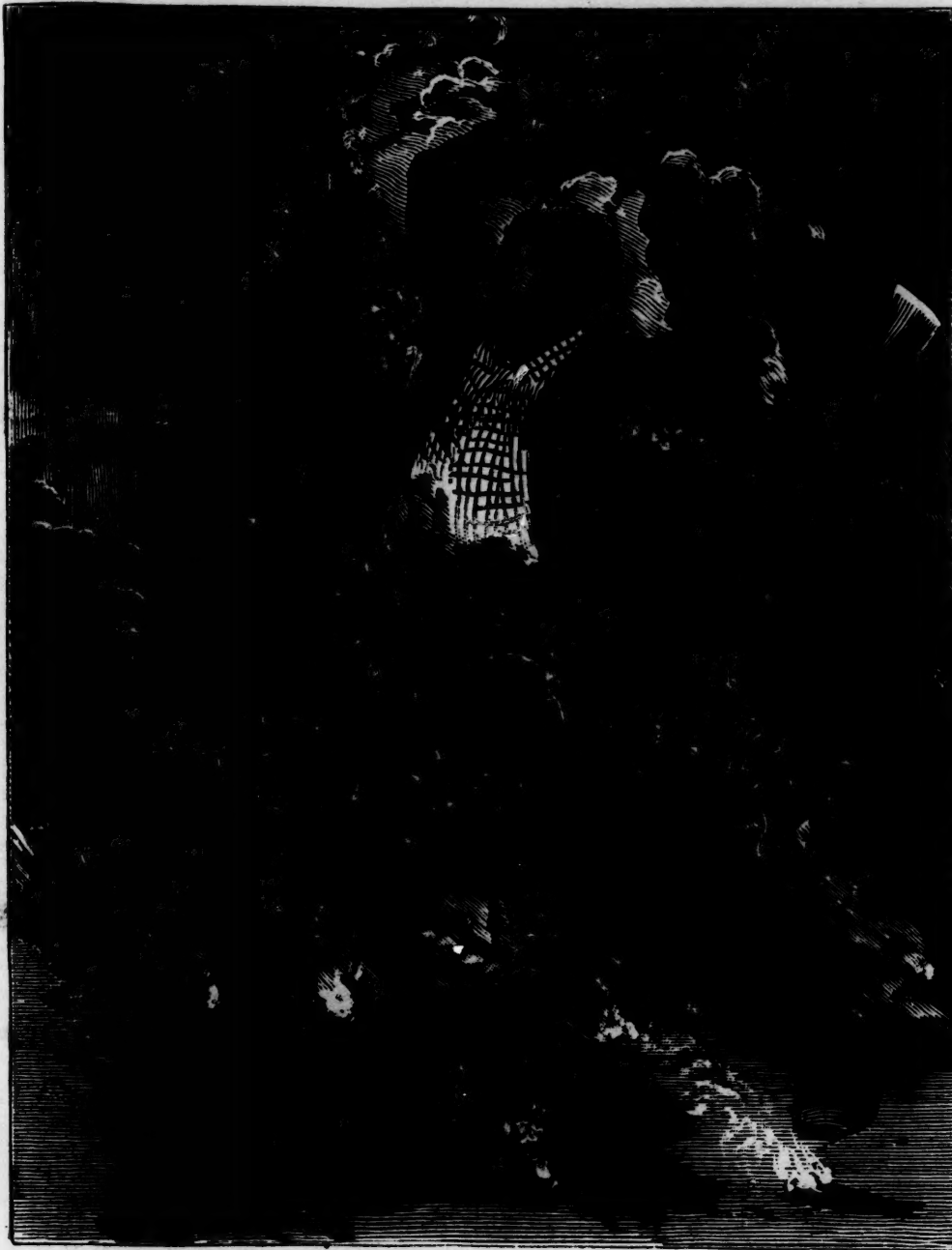
The woman was moaning in abject misery.

"I wish you all sorts of happiness, and will no longer intrude upon you. This, ladies and gentlemen," facing around to the spectators, "is my runaway wife and her lover. They are very nice people," and then, turning away, he stalked out, leaving the guilty couple alone in their humiliation and shame. At the next station they quit the train.

A Negro Horse-Thief's Terrible Fate.

[Subject of Illustration.]

NASHVILLE, Tenn., June 12.—A negro horse-thief met with a horrible fate at Columbus, Ky., yesterday morning. He is supposed to have set fire to the log jail at that place, with the hope of effecting an escape. The fire was not discovered until it was blazing all around him. An old ax was thrown into him through the bars, with which he in vain endeavored to make an



TERRIBLE FATE OF A NEGRO HORSE-THIEF WHO HAD FIRED THE JAIL IN WHICH HE WAS CONFINED, IN HOPE OF MAKING HIS ESCAPE; COLUMBUS, KY.

aperture through which he could get out. The people outside attempted to saw through a log while others tried in vain to batter the door-lock to pieces. When the city marshal arrived with the keys he could

not unlock the battered lock. The blows of the negro against the barred window grew fainter and fainter, until he was seen to fall back upon the floor, and, with the agonizing exclamation, "Oh, my God!" was

both smothered and burned to death. When recovered out of the debris the whole upper part of the body was burned, the legs being unharmed.

Hidden Crimes in Paris.

Another mysterious murder, which appears to have completely puzzled the police, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, was committed a few days ago in the Rue Pont aux Choux. The victim was a widow, a green-grocer, who must have been strangled at break of day as she was dressing to go to market. The object of the crime was evidently robbery. No one heard or saw the murderer or murderers, and none of the neighbors can throw any light on the matter. This is the third murder committed within the last three months which seems destined to defy the investigations of the police. It has been found impossible to bring home to any one the crime of the Passage Saulnier, where a woman of bad character was assassinated with a Japanese fan dagger; and the tragedy of the Rue la Fontaine, where a poor old woman who sold newspapers was murdered almost in the open street at nine o'clock in the evening, is still enshrouded in mystery. In each of the above crimes the assassins exhibited both skill and audacity, and there are some points of resemblance between them. Never, however, was audacity carried further than a few nights ago, when seven men entered a lodging-house at night. Hearing the thieves at work, the landlord came out, but he was trampled under foot and soon quieted; a lodger was served in the same manner; but a third person managed to escape and to warn the police. The robbers decamped, leaving behind them one of their number, who was taken to the lock-up. Half an hour afterward a desperate attempt was made on the part of the six men to rescue their comrade, but after a hard fight the assault on the police-station was foiled and four of the forlorn hope remained prisoners. Confined in the common cell, the five scamps stripped and almost beat to death a sixth prisoner, who had been locked up for drunkenness, and who was perfectly sobered by his ill-treatment. A horrible case of murder by a boy of sixteen came before the Court of Assizes of the Seine recently. For the sake of possessing himself of a few francs, the lad, who is pronounced by the medical men to be perfectly sane, though somewhat backward for his age, entered the room of an aged relation and, after some conversation, took up a rolling-pin and applied it with such vigor to her head and neck that she died almost immediately. During the whole trial the boy remained quite self-possessed and answered the questions put to him very calmly. The jury found him guilty of murder, with extenuating circumstances, and he was sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude.

George R. Reynolds, of Salt Lake City, the first Mormon convicted of polygamy since the passage of the act, in 1862, and in whose behalf the strongest efforts have been made, was sentenced on Saturday, 14th instant, to two years' imprisonment and a fine of \$500.



A FALSE WIFE'S HUMILIATION—A DESERTED HUSBAND, ACCIDENTALLY ENCOUNTERING HIS ELOPING SPOUSE AND HER PARAMOUR, ON A COLORADO RAILWAY CAR, EXPLAINS THE SITUATION TO THE PASSENGERS—"THIS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IS MY RUNAWAY WIFE AND HER LOVER."

Desperate Encounter Between a White Man and a Negro.

ANDERSONVILLE, Ga., June 3.—A terrible affair occurred a short time since between Joshua Renew, a white man, and Jim Giles, a negro, at the mills of Burton & Collins, in the eastern part of this, Sumter county. It grew out of the discharge of Giles by Burton & Collins and the employing of Renew in his stead. Giles was so enraged at this that he made several attacks upon Renew. On Friday, the 22nd ult., he went to the mills, and with a knife in hand, cursed and abused Renew. On the Monday following, he again appeared at the mills, and the difficulty was renewed. Giles first struck Renew with a stick, knocking him to his knees, making an ugly wound upon his head, breaking the stick to splinters. Giles then gathered a gun sitting near by and attempted to shoot him, but Renew had fortunately regained his feet, caught the gun-barrel and prevented the muzzle from getting near his person. Now commenced the

STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.

Both parties were active, strong young men—the struggle was that of giants—each party straining every nerve and muscle to get possession of the gun. Out of the mill they went, struggling, writhing, twisting, wrenching, as only two strong, determined men, bent on destroying one another could. Renew, covered with his own fast flowing blood from the terrible stroke, Giles, unhurt and maddened by the sight of blood of his enemy, struggled with a purpose to conquer. All over the yard, timbers, etc., up and down and across, the pitiless tussle went on, every step marked by the blood of Renew, whose strength was fast failing. Finding that his enemy would wrench the gun from him, Renew pulled the triggers of the already cocked gun; the twoloud reports were heard, and the bullets

FLEW HARMLESS THROUGH THE AIR. This was a happy thought for him and saved his life. With renewed energy Giles went to his work; Renew growing weaker from loss of blood, feels that he is unequal to the contest. Giles hurls his huge body on his foe, encouraged and exultant, gives a powerful wrench and the weapon is his. A moment with his glittering, revengeful eyes flashing on his helpless victim, and the gun comes with crushing force upon the head of Renew, felling him to his knees, the wood work splintered and broken up, the barrel falling close by his side. Quick as thought Renew had the iron barrels in his hands, was upon his feet, and with a mighty, triumphant sweep, brought them down upon the skull of his foe. It was crushed and

HE FELL LIKE AN OX.

This was the only blow received by Giles and it was enough. Parties arrived soon after and found Giles stretched upon the ground and Renew reclining upon the timber, bloody and exhausted, looking like a huge tiger that had been reveling in the blood of a victim.

Giles, up to last accounts, had neither spoken nor recognized any one.

Mr. Renew had a trial before Justices Glover and Westbrook, on Tuesday, on the charge of assault with intent to murder, and after hearing the evidence was discharged.

A Fiendish Miscreant in Custody.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., June 16.—Charles A. Freeman has been arrested at Canandaigua for wrecking the New York Central passenger train at that place, at midnight, the 9th inst. The train that was thrown from the track left here at eight o'clock p. m., heavily laden with passengers. At



WILLIAM WILSON, HAVING BEEN KILLED BY WATSON GRIGG, IN A DRUNKEN MELEE, AT THE HOUSE OF AMOS OWENS, ON CHERBY MOUNTAIN, RUTHERFORD COUNTY, N. C., THE SURVIVORS HOLD A RIOTOUS CABOOSE OVER THE BODY OF THEIR MURDERED COMRADE.—SEE PAGE 7.

the point above indicated the engine struck an obstruction and was thrown over an embankment into an adjoining field and broken to pieces. The baggage car was also thrown from the track and destroyed. Two passenger coaches also left the track, but fortunately were not turned over, and the passengers were but slightly injured. The engineer and fireman crawled out from beneath the wreck of the engine and were not badly hurt. An examination of the obstruction showed that two ties had first been placed crosswise on the rails and then braced by two others lying at right angles and their ends resting against the ties on which the track is laid. Suspicion was directed against Freeman, who was found lurking in the vicinity. He was examined last Saturday and held for trial.

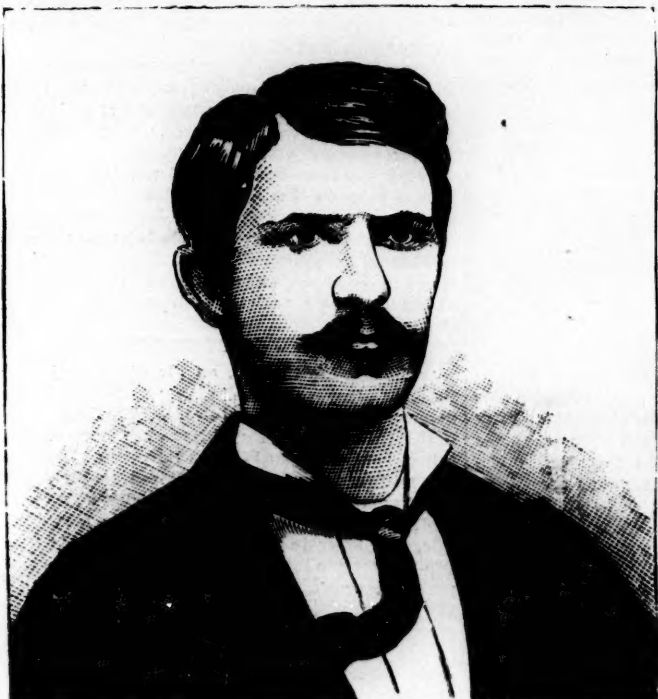
He made a confession, stating that he alone was the cause of the wreck. He declared that he had a spite against the whole Catholic race and he was bound to exterminate every man, woman and child of that religion. He avers that the train was loaded with Catholics and his

some suspicions of the cemetery sexton. On digging into the grave the body was found gone, and all its clothes left behind. The coffin and outer box was broken up and left in the grave. On Friday Detective Mills and the woman's husband went to the Ann Arbor Medical College, searched it and found the body in the vat, recognising it by some peculiar marks of disfigurement. On their return, following up the leads, the officers last evening arrested Dr. Watts, who had been the woman's physician, and two brothers named Warren, formerly Lake Shore train men, as accomplices. The body was interred to-day with new funeral ceremonies. The country people were greatly excited.

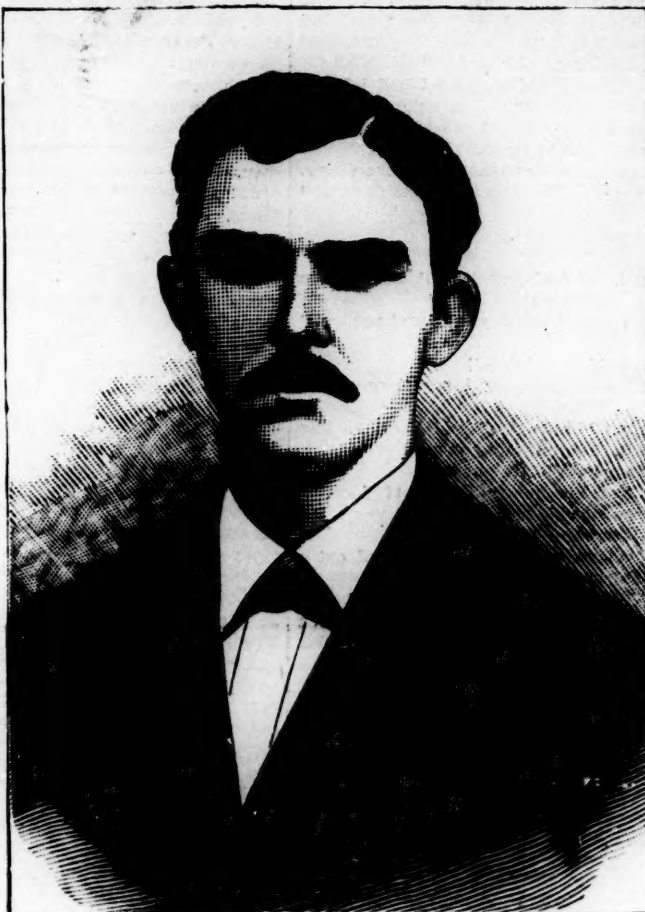
A Ruined Girl's Wrongs Avenged.

WILLAND, Ont., June 12.—To-day Charles Garrett, of Drummondville, while walking the streets of this town, was shot fatally by William Alexander. The cause of the shooting is that Garrett seduced a lady friend of Alexander's.

A singular instance of the verification of a dream occurred in Polk county, Florida, some days ago. A young daughter of Mr. Hill dreamed one night that she had been burned to death. Next morning she went with her brother into the corn-field to keep the birds from the planted corn. As it was cold they built a fire, and while they were warming themselves the clothes of the girl caught fire. She died the next day.



SAMUEL HILL, CONVICTED OF THE MURDER OF THE ALLEGED DEBAUCHER, SIMMONS.



JOHN R. SIMMONS, MURDERED BY SAMUEL HILL, FOR THE ALLEGED SEDUCTION OF HIS WIFE.



MRS. CORA SPRING HILL, THE CAUSE OF THE HILL-SIMMONS TRAGEDY.

THE HILL MURDER CASE, ATLANTA, GA.—SEE PAGE 11.

LEFT HER HOME;

OR,

The Trials and Temptations of a Poor Girl.

BY BRACEBRIDGE HEMYNG, ESQ.

("JACK HARKAWAY.")

["Left Her Home," was commenced in No. 86. Back numbers can be obtained of any News Agent, or direct from the Publisher.]

Written expressly for THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE.
CHAPTER V.
(Continued.)

He knew very well that there was nothing in the piece but the scenery and the ballet, especially the ballet, and that Camessa was the soul of the latter.

Without her the play would be a dead failure. The management had engaged her at an enormous salary, for she was the best dancer in America, and they had spent twenty thousand dollars in advertising her and getting up the drama.

"Don't say that," he replied.
"It is my ultimatum."
"Are you not a little ungenerous?"
"Not at all. I am accustomed to having my own way in the world, and as I am perfectly independent, I can afford to dictate terms to managers."

This conversation occurred in one of the right hand side wings and as the other performers kept at a respectful distance from such important personages as the manager and the great premiere, it did not attract much attention.

"We cannot afford to lose you, mademoiselle," said Marks.

"I know it would be financial ruin to you."
"Do you want to ruin me?"
"I simply wish this young person to leave the theatre, *voilà tout*."

The Italian shrugged her shoulders in an impressive manner, while the manager appeared in doubt how to act.

Fanny came to his rescue.

"Mr. Marks," she said, "you have always treated me as a gentleman should treat a lady, and to save you any inconvenience, I place my resignation in your hands."

"But I cannot fill your place at a moment's notice," he replied.

"Can you fill mine more easily?" snappishly said Camessa.

"No, indeed."

"Then let her go."

"Yes, I will go," said Fanny with a sigh.

"Very well. I am sorry, but it is not my fault, Miss King. Call for your salary, please, on treasury day."

"I will."

A malignant gleam of triumph lighted up the signora's eyes. She leant one hand on the manager's shoulder and whispered confidentially in the manager's ear.

What she said Fanny never knew, for she went to her dressing-room, put on her clothes and left the theatre.

Scarcely had she got out of the stage door than she met a gentleman.

"Hello, Fanny," he exclaimed.

"Why, Mr. Jackson," she replied, "is that you?"

"Yes. We have been looking everywhere for you. You know I have married Lizzie on the European plan, and—"

She interrupted him.

"Will you have the kindness to tell me what that is?" she asked.

"Oh, it's like Sir John Astley's rules in the walking match. Go as you please."

"Well," she ejaculated, "what has that to do with me?"

"A great deal. Lizzie is worried about you. I happened to come to the theatre last night and saw you, that is why I am here to day, because I thought I should catch you at rehearsal."

"My connection with the theatre is at an end."

"How?"

"That is my business."

"I suppose," said Jackson, "you got mad with Marks and discharged him. But, say, Fanny, I have something to tell you."

"What is that?"

"Star is crazy about you. He has been on a big drunk for a week because he can't find you, and yesterday he hurt his face."

"Indeed," said Fanny, without evincing the slightest interest.

"Yes. It was a most unprovoked attack on the part of the sidewalk, which, at three o'clock in the morning, rose up and struck him and there was no policeman near to arrest the sidewalk."

"You are making fun of me."

"Not in the least. I'm giving you no taffy. It sounds too thin, but it isn't. Poor Star is going to the dogs because you won't look at him."

"I don't want to have anything to say to him."

"But he will marry you," said Jackson.

"Even if he would. I do not wish to have him for a husband."

"Now, Fan, you are too hard on a man who really loves you."

"I don't believe in his love and have no desire to be troubled by him or you," she exclaimed.

"Going back on me, Fan?"

"Please don't call me Fan. You know my name is Miss King."

"All right. Now, Miss King, won't you take compassion on Star, and come with me to see him?"

"No, I will not. That is plain enough I hope," replied Fanny.

"You love some one else."

"If I do, what business is that of yours?" she replied, boldly.

"I know the man, but he is lost to you forever," exclaimed Jackson.

At this intimation Fanny turned pale.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"Precisely what I say."

"Is Robert Carter dead?"

"He is," replied Jackson.

"I cannot, I will not believe it. I saw him last night, and he was rapidly recovering."

"He had a relapse and died this morning."

"Can I not see his body?"

"I presume so. It is no funeral of mine. I only tell you what I heard," said Jackson.

This news completely stunned Fanny.

It seemed as if luck had completely deserted her, and that it was her portion in this life to be utterly and perpetually miserable.

"My dear child," said Jackson, in a kinder and more sympathetic tone than he had hitherto adopted, "I don't

ask you to take my word for this. Come with me and you shall hear all about it at his place of residence."

"I will go with you," she replied.

The poor child was nearly heart-broken at this new calamity which had befallen her.

She allowed herself to be put into a car, which took them to Clinton place.

A ring of the bell brought up the landlady, who looked significantly at Jackson.

"Well, miss, what can I do for you?" she asked.

"Is Mr. Carter dead?"

"Yes; he died this morning, and his body was taken away by friends to be buried somewhere in Maine, where his folks live."

"Where is Mrs. Fleming?"

"I don't know."

"Did she leave no message or letter for me?"

"None whatever."

Fanny turned away sick at heart, and, placing her hand in that of Jackson, said, "Take me with you. I shall go crazy if I am left alone."

To be discharged from the theatre and to find that Robert Carter had died in the night, and his body had been mysteriously taken away, was more than she could bear.

If she had not been so childish, innocent and unsuspecting, she would have guessed that she was being imposed upon.

The fact was that Robert Carter had not died.

He was in his room, as usual, with Mrs. Fleming, and awaiting the return of Fanny from rehearsal with impatience.

Jackson had found out all about Fanny's movements through the medium of a private detective, and he had bribed the landlady of the house to say that Robert had died in the night.

Fanny was completely deceived.

She went with Jackson to the rooms which he had engaged for Lizzie, like a lamb to the slaughter.

CHAPTER VI.

A NOCK MARRIAGE.

Lizzie's rooms were elegantly furnished, and could boast of all sorts of little luxuries and tasty articles, such as flowers, birds, gold-fish, chromos, and other things which please the eye.

A little supper had just been sent in from a *charcutier's* in the neighborhood, and when Fanny entered with Jackson she was in the act of flanking the repast with bottles of wine taken from a case.

"Here she is," said Jackson.

"So you have found the lost sheep?"

"Yes, and I guess she won't run away again; will you, Fanny?"

"If it wasn't wicked I'd like to throw myself into the water," she answered.

"Why?"

"I am so heartily tired of life. It seems as if I could never keep a situation, and now Robert Carter is dead, what have I got to live for?"

Just then the door of an inner room opened, and a man appeared.

"For me," he exclaimed.

"Star Varnum," exclaimed Fanny.

"Yes, and your devoted admirer."

"Mr. Varnum, I have told you that I do not love you."

"Such devotion as mine should inspire love, Fanny."

"Alas! I feel as if I had no longer a heart to give to any one."

"You will learn to love me in time, Fanny. Be my wife, and I will do everything possible to make your life a happy one."

The poor girl listened as though she scarcely understood him. Indeed her brain felt dazed by the rapid succession of events, which within a few brief hours had deprived her of position, lover and home.

"Come Fan," said Lizzie, rather sharply, "Don't be a fool. Mr. Varnum loves you and is willing to marry you. What more do you want. Bob Carter is dead, and he could not blame you, even if he were alive."

At the mention of Carter's name Fanny burst into tears.

"Indeed," she sobbed, "I don't know what to do—I am so confused."

"You are weak and worn out, baby," said Varnum, "let me give you a glass of wine."

Fanny took the glass mechanically and drank a few swallows.

"Now lie down on the lounge here," continued Varnum, and rest yourself for an hour or two. I won't bother you any further until you feel better."

Exhausted by bodily fatigue and in a greater degree by conflicting emotions, Fanny complied, and Varnum, after pressing her hand, left the room with Jackson.

"Now, Fan," said Lizzie, as soon as the men had gone, "you just lie there and rest for a while, and when you wake up I hope you'll be ready to listen to reason."

"You are all very kind to me," replied Fanny, faintly.

"Perhaps it may be best for me to do as you wish."

"Now you're talking sense, and don't you forget it," exclaimed Lizzie, joyfully. "I'll leave you to get a little sleep and wake you up in time for supper."

In the meantime Varnum and his friend had left the house and passing up Sixth avenue had entered a quiet and unpretentious little bar-room, situated in the rear of a cigar store, near Thirty-first street.

Sitting down in a corner they engaged in conversation.

"You are sure you've got the man to do this for me?" queried Varnum.

"Cert," was the prompt reply.

"Who is he?"

"No one you know, and don't you think it is better on the whole that you shouldn't know him?"

"Perhaps you're right. But can you depend on him?"

"Absolutely."

"And you can have him ready—"

"At half-past nine to-night, dead sure," responded Jackson.

"Well, I leave everything to you," said Varnum. You know our agreement. Do you want any money?"

"For expenses, yes; but the five hundred—"

"That you shall have the moment the thing is done."

"Then I'm your mutton kidney, old man; if you bring the girl around I'll answer for the rest."

Varnum took out a large roll of bills and counted out a hundred dollars, which he handed to Jackson.

"There," he said, "that will be enough, will it?"

"An elegant sufficiency, dear boy. I will meet you on the Rialto, or in other words at Lizzie's rooms, at nine o'clock, sharp, and lead you to the hymenial altar, in a horn."

"You must be careful," said Varnum, or she may suspect.

"Not a bit of it. I'll produce the finest article of a Holy Joe, you ever gazed upon."

"All right, then, you had better get about the matter at once, while I go and comfort the little one. Take something before you go?"

"You bet."

And the confederates put away two stiff cocktails with the celerity that comes of long practice.

"Here goes," said Varnum.

"Success to crime," responded his pal.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GLIMPSES OF GOTHAM.

A Sermon on One of the Numerous Ways of Raising the Wind.

THE SALARY SCALPER.

An Elegantly Furnished Parlor Down Town Into Which the Flies Walk.

DISCOUNTING THE VENETIAN SHYLOCK.

BY PAUL PROWLER.

[Written expressly for THE POLICE GAZETTE.]

It is surprising to look around you and notice how numerous are the becalmed people de-dious of raising the financial wind; gentlemen and ladies who would be pleased to see it blow bigger guns than they ever cast at the Woolwich arsenal.

In fact, as my late friend Dr. Watts, used to say—and he was always so late that at last the world got tired of waiting and went on without him—

"Whene'er I take my walks abroad,

How many poor I see—

I cannot get a cent from them

Nor they a cent from me."

This beautiful and touching verification has the whole business in a nut shell. How apt poetry is, as a rhyming friend of mine, with three names which he always signs, said to me the other day.

I remember replying, "yes, how apt to be bad." That one remark knocked all the schemes of a predatory nature I had upon him higher than a kite. By the most singular coincidence I had called at his office on pay-day, and the story about the rent falling due, the gas being amputated, and all that, was just on my lips. My indiscreet and caustic criticism ruined me and it was elsewhere I had to apply for the money necessary to go in the next Havana drawing. For it was for that purpose I desired it.

There is no danger about my not hitting a prize—I have got to. Being on the wrong side of the market when the Hodge mining shares went up ruined me. When I get the golden pesos—I think it's a shovelful of pesos you get from the Cuban agents—I will treat the GAZETTE staff. Emeline will be back by that time and she shall preside.

But meanwhile I wish to tell this week of a very convenient business for the customer, and a deuced lucrative one for the capitalist, which is carried on in this blessed city of New York, right in the center of the financial world down town and in direct opposition to laws made at Albany.

I allude to the salary scalper, the man of means who has "always money to lend." There are not many of the class in New York, but those engaged in the traffic have no cause to complain of the hard times, the very existence of which makes their usurious profits possible. Occasionally they get bit, but not often. They know just whom to trust. Spies tell them in advance whether this clerk or that one is shaky. After giving him the money, and making him sign a document as portentous as a death warrant, they have him watched to see how he spends it.

Some very extravagant young men use one salary advancing house against the other, raising money from A. to pay B., but it is not long before the dodge is discovered and then the double-barrelled gun can't bring down a snipe.

Clerks in the custom house, clerks in the post-office, bank clerks and army officers quartered at the neighboring forts and on Governor's Island, are the chief customers, but no reasonable request is refused.

It is not to their exorbitant interest to let any fish escape their net. When they are deceived, which happens of course several times a year, they can afford to smile. Look at the profits they make from the unhappy wretches, straining in the yoke, and staggering through the furrows of impecuniosity. But you must be shrewd to get ahead of them. Knowing that they have no recourse they are as sharp as the whole cargo of those steel traps invoiced to the South Pacific Island that was overrun with rats. This may, however, only be a missionary story. Naturally enough the salary scalper flourishes in Paris. From the pages of "The Widow Lerouge," one of Gaborion's murder novels, I take the following lively description of one named Clergeot:

"Having more money than he could very well use, he lent it to his friend, and in return for this kindness he consented to receive interest, which varied from twenty to thirty per cent. The excellent man positively enjoyed the practice, and his honesty was generally appreciated. He was never known to arrest a debtor; he preferred to follow him without relaxation for ten years, and drag from him, bit by bit, what was his due. Outside of salary clerks his preferred customers consisted of young girls, actresses, artists, and those venturesome fellows who enter upon a profession worth only what they can earn, such as advocates and doctors. He lent to women upon their present beauty, to men upon their future talent. Slight pledges! His sagacity, it should be said, however, enjoyed a great reputation. It was rarely deceived. A girl of the town furnished by Clergeot had a great start in the world. For an actress to be in Clergeot's debt was a recommendation preferable to the warmest criticism."

Such he is in Paris. We will visit him in his New York office. Let the kind reader imagine himself "George" in the following advertisement, which I clip from the New York Herald of a recent date:

"GEORGE"—You can get an advance on your salary by addressing C. T. Herald up-town office.

I, Paul Prowler, an aged reprobate, perhaps in actions if not in years, will speak to you in a fatherly manner. "George," you have been frightfully imprudent. In the big establishment where you are employed you have for two years been drawing ahead under the rose through the kindness of the cashier. He, however, is about to become the junior member of a rival firm, and his books have to be balanced. He tells you so, and you are in despair. No wonder. The last trip to Long Branch with that pretty girl who wears the lace shawl so coquettishly was made on the money due you for the first two weeks in September; and you had just conceived the idea of compromising October for a skeleton suit, in which to do the lounge through the Madison Square Garden these sultry nights, when the intelligence that you must make good in half a jiffy—by the way, what is a jiffy?—falls upon you like a thunderbolt.

A friend of yours, to whom you impart your confidence, a gentleman who has been living on the future for some time back, communicates your situation to the salary scalper, without saying how desperate it is, and the "ad." in the Herald is thrown out to catch you. In the meantime the capitalist has found out that your old dad up in Chenango county is good enough for whatever you may

require should the bottom fall out of your business relationship.

At any rate, he takes the risk, and you, George, having written to C. T., are requested to call at the office.

A CLUB PARLOR.

You find the office in Broad street, near Wall; it is upstairs on the second floor, and consists of two rooms, opening into each other. Both are elegantly furnished, but in neither can be detected any evidence of sordid business. The reception-room is really a down town parlor. Pictures are on the wall, the furniture is luxurious. The other and smaller room has a desk, one with a curved front and a buffet arrangement underneath, but it is shut up.

It takes about five minutes to arrange preliminaries and then the lender unlocks the desk, asking you first to have a glass of brandy and a cigar. The cognac is first-class and the weed a pure Havana. As the warmth of one steals through the system and the fragrance of the other is inhaled, you become careless of consequences, and dismiss all dismal ideas about not being able to square things when the time comes, to the winds.

I have always noticed that brandy has that effect. It gives more dare-devil courage than any other liquor.

Instead of being sorry now that circumstances force you to be so unmercifully bled, you rather begin, my dear George, to like the sensation. It seems fast. You are playing the role of one of those London swells in the hands of the Jews, who passes his life living alternately at the club and a "sponging-house." As you thrust the crisp notes into your pocket, and sign the formidable document which has as many specifications as a railroad ticket, the world becomes rose-tinted again, and you resolve that very night to take the dear girl to supper, and get her diamond ring out of pawn.

There is another drink of brandy to be had, and away you buzz out of the spider's parlor. But never until the money is paid—hair-raising interest and all—do you get out of his metaphorical sight.

Wasn't it Mr. Argus who had so many eyes and ruined himself buying spectacles when he became near-sighted? I think it was. Well, then, you will be watched with argus-eyed keenness during the running of the loan. When the advanced salary is due, it is expected that it will be paid, on the nail, and if it isn't, strange as it may seem in this law-abiding country, the scalper can succeed in making it uncomfortable for you. His strongest weapon is that you dread exposure equally with him.

Naturally our friend makes a great deal of money. The one who used to advance me my salary when I was with a very respectable Presbyterian dry-goods firm—our specialty was blue hose—had a brilliant, erratic and brief career. He went broke eventually, but it wasn't legitimate business reverses. This gentleman had an idea that it would be pleasant to introduce a little Utah into his New York life. I refer to the polygamous feature of that beautiful land. He reasoned that if it is good to have a wife, it is twice as good to have two wives—a method of logic which seems very correct, and yet is slightly deceptive.

The profits of his salary scalping among the post-office and custom-house clerks permitted him to have two elegant establishments. One was on Staten Island, the other on Madison avenue.

When he was at Staten Island, Madison avenue thought him in Boston conferring with his backers, and when Madison avenue claimed his attention Staten Island enjoyed the Boston dream.

Everything went smoothly as two marriage bells until a certain clerk, who was irretrievably mixed up in money matters, and who every day bought the current cocktail with money to be earned nine months ahead, discovered the what I may call connubial "racket," which the modern Shylock was having.

Information is just as valuable in this world sometimes as goods. This kind was. The clerk refused point blank to settle when the time came, and asked for more money without any consideration.

When my friend, in moments of monetary need, threatened to put the screws on, to make it hot for the impudent customer, etc., he was only laughed at, and then told flatly that if the requests made were not complied with Mrs. Madison Avenue should know of Mrs. Staten Island.

That settled it. The fly became the spider, and the spider the fly. For months the blackmail went on, and then, owing to the fact that he was not attending to his business, and was living in the most extravagant manner at both ends of the line, the collapse came. The scalper was ruined. He got away with Mrs. Staten Island, leaving the other to reach her *ma*, via the tow-path of the canal, and when I heard of him last he was tending bar at an American saloon in Paris.

Such is the inevitable end of all who charge more than seven per cent. interest.

The reader would be surprised if I should tell him that the backers of these scalpers are men of probity, Christians, and some of them laymakers, who hand over money for which they get about four per cent. a month, and profess not to know for what it is used. I do tell the reader this, for I know it to be a fact, just as I know that the owners of the rotten tenement-houses are, in the main, pew renters in swell churches. It is, furthermore, my pleasing task to inform the reader that, when my benefactor at sixty per cent.—I think it was—jumped the country, he let in several of these pious frauds who had been placing their shekels where they thought they would do the most good. If anything gives me the serene kind of pleasure it is to see one of these God and Mammon "bilks"—to quote from my friend Denis Kearney—completely taken in and done for.

I trust that in calling attention to the salary scalper I will not be understood as indorsing him. He is a vulture who fattens on the dead—the dead broke; he is the tyrant of circumstances; he is a tempter, a usurer, a pirate. But still there are times when even "Grasshopper" won't win the race, any more than your pet number will take the capital prize in the lottery, and then the ticket scalper looms up as a last recourse.

It is much better, however, to be born rich at the start. It saves all unnecessary trouble. If you were not established in so fortunate a way, take the Christian's advice and be born again, with the cash *provisio* distinctly understood.

At Elizabethtown, Ky., on the night of the 14th, a shooting affray took place in the "Narrows," in which a notorious negro named Bill Bryant, who lives in a room in that infamous locality with a white woman, shot two railroad negroes named George Harper and Dave Hutchason, the weapon used being an old musket. He shot Hutchason in the right shoulder with beans and small shot, and the wound is not bad; but in a few minutes afterward he again appeared at the door of his room and emptied the gun into Harper's leg. The charge

CITY CHARACTERS.

THE DETECTIVE.

One Who Always Knows, You Know, How it Was Done, You Know.

BY COLONEL LYNX.

[Written expressly for THE POLICE GAZETTE.]

The average detective is a very amusing personage to me. He has afforded me a great deal more entertainment than I ever extracted from all the minstrel shows put together, and is still a well of undiminished enjoyment to which I return when care oppresses, and the sky seems billous. Of course we have good men in New York at the Mulberry street headquarters. There is neither at Scotland yard, London, or in the Rue Jerusalem, Paris, any more courteous gentleman or able officer than Captain Kealy, while such lieutenants as Dorsey, Adams and others have done the best kind of work.

The detective I mean to describe is more of the amateurish order, or the "private stock." If you examine closely into his history you will generally find that he has failed in other walks of life, and has been driven by sheer necessity to become a hunter of men and women who break the laws.

My detective is a very stylishly-dressed young man. He goes to the barbers every morning, just to have his hair arranged as only the one particular barber can arrange it. His boots are a great deal more polished than his manners, while his linen is as immaculate as that of the cashier of a big down town bar. He lives modestly in an up-town flat where he occupies the position of a hero in a romance. So far as the neighbors are concerned my detective has arrested every noted criminal of our day, and would have arrested all those that escaped, if he had been allowed to go on his own theory.

Ah! the theories of the detective—they are his stock in trade.

You tap a dropsical man and you get water, or at least gin and water; you tap a detective and the theories gush forth.

Do you suppose that there was a single detective in the city of New York on the day after the discovery of the Hull assassination who did not have the entire affair down as fine as silk. The little circumstance of no two of these theories being alike has nothing to do with it. Such an unavoidable state of affairs only proves that the unfortunate lady was murdered in about forty different ways and by as many people.

In a recent issue of the Sun there was a letter from a "Boston Detective" claiming that everything went to show that Mrs. Hull had committed suicide for the sake of realizing on a life insurance policy. At first, the reader who has never been a detective, and who is therefore fully ignorant about such matters, will be apt to say: "What damned nonsense," but reasoning on the matter shows that all that is to be done to make the theory a solid one is to demonstrate how it is possible for a woman to hand and tie herself after death.

To an ordinary detective that would be a tough piece of elucidation, but down in Boston, where the brain is made more phosphorescent and clear by a steady bean diet, such problems are the easiest in the world.

Our detective thinks it incumbent upon him to know all the "swell mob" and dangerous classes generally. The one I know introduced me to a bullet-headed fellow the other day, and when his friend had had a drink and departed, the theory manufacturer informed me, with a look of triumph, that the gentleman's other name was "Spiky Jake," and that he had stood his trial for murder, escaping by a technicality.

Now I don't want to know "Spiky Jake;" I have no use for him; I always do my own killing; and I look upon this action of the detective as one that should not have been committed.

Naturally enough, the pretentious detective talks slang—"patters flash," as he calls it—and half the time the respectable citizen, who is not supposed to know that a watch is a "super" or a pickpocket a "gun"—so called, perhaps, from the frequency with which they get discharged, wonders whether the conversation is being carried on, as to one side, in Zulu speech.

There are some very mean branches of the detective service, and, naturally, some very despicable men employed in them. I hold that the private bureau which will approach a bank or a big mercantile house, utterly unsolicited, and offer to watch the habits of the clerks after business hours—stipulating, mind you, that if nothing wrong is ascertained there shall be no pay—is a contemptible concern that society can do without very well.

And yet there are such institutions in this city, and I have one of their confidential circulars before me as I write.

Now what does it all mean? It means this: that if the watched clerk is too correct in his habits to permit of a paying report, one will be trumped up. The detective acts precisely as the policeman did who ran the respectable citizen on general principles—because the roundsman had complained of his making no arrests.

Business is business, and if it doesn't exist it must be created.

One of the most distinguishing characteristics of the detective is his passion for riding in a coupe driven rapidly. You give him a chance to pass his days and nights in dashing wildly about in this vehicle, in rattling up to headquarters at two A.M., during the excitement consequent upon a great crime, and you have made him happy. "To be closeted with the Superintendent of Police, to say, with the door half open as he comes out, 'All right; it shall be done, sir,' and then to spring into the coupe after a whispered order to the driver, who immediately falls to belaboring his horse as if he had just heard that Bergh was dead, ah, it is grand.

He enjoys the curious gaze of the reporters as he brushes by, looking as mysterious as a cross between a magician's box of implements and a suspected infernal machine, and it is with the utmost complacency that he reads in his paper next morning the following paragraph:

"Mr. Swiveley, the celebrated detective, who has been at work upon the shocking affair, was again at headquarters yesterday. He remained in the Superintendent's room precisely fourteen minutes, conversing in a low tone. The reporter has the notes of what was said, but at the earnest request of Mr. Swiveley, withholds the publication as it might defeat the ends of justice. On leaving, the detective drove rapidly to Harlem, where, it will be remembered, the blood-stained club was found."

It is a nice life in some respects. Hunting your fellow man down doesn't seem a desirable vocation at the start, but once the fierce excitement seizes you, you have no more pity than the fine lady who rides after the hounds has for the fox. There are soft snaps in it, such as going to Europe or Cuba after runaway embezzlers, while the perquisites, rewards and extras generally, added to salary, make the income a comfortable one.

As you well know, I am a gentleman of leisure, whose

literary work does not monopolize his time. I have often thought of doing something in the police or detective line, and I may yet. If I do I shall certainly make divorce matters a specialty. It is like always being at a French play.

If the injured wife employed me I should show the unfaithful husband no mercy. His shadow might go away to take a drink, but Colonel Lynx would be always at his heels. The vigor with which I would act would depend in a great measure upon whether he had exercised good taste.

If the husband paid me I should tell the ladies everything at the start, and report them constantly as being at no places more compromising than church or strawberry festivals. You see I am of the chivalrous stock. It wouldn't be good detective work, but since the husbands would become happy as their suspicions were shown to be groundless, while the wives would not be tortured by fear, I would succeed in making matters pleasant all around, while having a good deal of fun myself.

VICE'S VARIETIES.

At Galveston, Texas, on the 15th, Ike Rector, colored, a well-known ex-detective, shot Nathan Harris, colored, through the heart in a negro gambling-house. Harris was an employee of the Morgan steamship line. The difficulty grew out of a dispute over a faro table. Rector is part proprietor in the gambling-house. He is still at large.

On the 18th, George Anteknap, living in the outskirts of the village of Arthur, Ontario, murdered his wife, battering in her head with an ax. The murderer has disappeared and the surrounding country is being searched. He has on previous occasions attempted suicide, but was prevented by being cut down by his wife. Great excitement prevails.

At Nashville, Tenn., on the 18th, the grand jury returned indictments against John C. Ferress, county court judge; Thomas W. Chadwell, a former tax collector; Samuel Danielson, ex-clerk of the criminal court; W. H. Trafford, a former public administrator; and W. A. Knight, the present county trustee, on a charge of misapplying public moneys.

DETECTIVES have discovered evidence which seems to directly implicate a negro named Williams as perpetrator of the recent mysterious assault upon Ida Dunn and Cara Heslep, in their sleeping-room at night, at Wheatland, Cal. He was taken to the county jail at Marysville, on the 16th, to avoid danger of lynching. Both girls are now likely to recover from their injuries.

On the 18th a tramp on a west-bound Central railroad freight train became very obstreperous near Churchillville, west of Rochester, N. Y., and it was decided to put him off. Thomas Murphy, brakeman, got him to the platform, and then the tramp pitched him headlong from the train, which was running at the rate of about ten miles an hour. Murphy was found with his leg broken, the bones protruding and sticking into the ground. The tramp is under arrest.

MICHAEL AHERN, a laborer, was turning the corner of South and Rutgers streets, on the night of the 17th, when he was attacked by an unknown man, who stabbed him in the back. Ahern was found bleeding on the sidewalk and removed to the Chambers Street Hospital, where the surgeons pronounced his wound serious. His assailant escaped. The description obtained of the assassin corresponds with that of the man who, on Friday night, 13th inst., stabbed and dangerously wounded John Maloney, at the corner of Market and South streets.

PATROLMAN JOHN NUGENT, of the Twenty-second street police, was arrested on Saturday, 14th inst., for complicity in the Manhattan Bank burglary. Shevelin, the bank watchman, says that Nugent did the greater part of the preliminary investigations to ascertain the habits of the bank officials and the inmates of the bank building. When this was done, he reported that everything was all right to William Kelly, and, on the morning of the burglary, the policeman acted as a look-out and carried the securities away. Nugent has been committed to the Tombs in default of \$80,000 bail.

GREAT interest has been manifested in the testimony of Patrick Shevelin in relation to the Manhattan Bank robbery, as given in the trial of young Johnny Hope in this city. Shevelin testified that he met Johnny Hope in company with Able Coakley and Jim Hope, John's father, a few nights before the robbery. Together they examined the alley back of the bank. He saw John Hope again on the night before the robbery, and the latter expressed the belief that the bank could be cracked in an hour. Shevelin then related how one Sunday two years ago he had let Jimmy Hope, "Big Kid," Johnny Dobbs, the Tracy brothers and "Tall George" into the bank. This was the first attempt to rob the bank, and it was unsuccessful.

The second trial of Annie Cox, at Buffalo, N. Y., for the attempted poisoning of the family of John Taft, at Clarence, N. Y., in January last, resulted, on the 18th, in a verdict of guilty. Taft was a stage driver, of whom, it is alleged, Annie was enamored. On the evening of the day in question Annie called at the Taft home in the absence of Mr. Taft, who had gone away in response to a counterfeit letter purporting to come from his sister in Chatauqua county (the letter, it is alleged, having been written by Annie), and delivered an envelope, which she said Mr. Taft had sent by her. The envelope contained powders and the note instructed Mrs. Taft to administer them to the children and swallow one herself. The medicine was stated to be a sure preventive of small-pox, which disease, the letter said, was becoming epidemic. Mrs. Taft unsuspectingly took the poison and gave some to four of the children, the other two children being asleep at the time. The four who took the powders were taken seriously ill, but fortunately the doses were too large and were not fatal. The arrest of Annie followed.

ABRAHAM HEILBRON, a shoemaker, was taken before Justice Flammer, in the Tombs Police Court, on the 18th, charged with abandoning his wife Hannah. The latter said that her first husband died ten years ago, leaving her with one child and property worth \$2,000. Three years afterward she was married to Heilbronn. He began at once to spend her money, and three months after the marriage he had lost all her property by gambling, she said. Then he began to abuse her, and abandoned her altogether six months ago. Justice Flammer placed Heilbronn under \$400 bonds to support his wife, and in default of the bail committed him to the Tombs. As Sergeant Woodruff was about to remove him down-stairs Mrs. Heilbronn walked up behind her husband and drew and cocked a large single-barreled pistol. The click was heard all over the court-room. Before she could fire her hand was seized and held in the air by the sergeant. She struggled violently, and when at last she was disarmed she looked angrily at Heilbronn and turning to Justice Flammer said: "I meant to shoot him; I bought that pistol on purpose and I have chased him for days but could not find him." Justice Flammer had the woman arraigned and ordered the husband to make a complaint against her. When this had been done he committed her without bail to the Tombs to await the action of the grand jury.

WASTINGS FROM THE WINGS.

Back From Havana—The "Nation" on Miss Cavendish—A New American Star—The City Theatres—Some Foreign Notes.

It was very fortunate that Mr. Lester Wallack did meet with a cordial reception in San Francisco; he certainly couldn't go much further for appreciation in America. The coquettish business of the trip he has made goes to show that the rural mind is not up to the elegant comedy business and the histrionic dilettanteism which Mr. Wallack, and his company represent. It is necessary for him to appear in the big centers, at metropolitan theatres, in Chicago, St. Louis and San Francisco. As a "barn stormer" I don't think he would draw as well as a patched up "Pinafore" company.

That reminds me that those unfortunates who started for Havana and Mexico, wisely halted in Cuba and came home as best they could. They sang two or three nights and then shrewdly called all hands on deck of the "Pinafore" to boutship. The company were: Lewis F. Masson, stage manager; John H. McKinley, W. Hayden Tilla, Miss Agnes Perring, Miss Elise Conley, Miss A. Hutchings, Miss E. Raymond, Mr. R. Pilbeam, Mr. S. P. Strini, Mr. C. A. Jackson, Mr. Caryl Plaine, Miss Castardo, Miss Pearl Everlie, Miss Edith Everlie, Miss Alice Hosmer, Miss Marion Wallace, Mr. James Harton, Mr. Frank Drew, Mr. P. Fontaine, Mr. M. Riva, Mrs. Harton, Mrs. A. Hart, N. A. Lehman, Miss L. Telle, Mrs. G. Lehman, Mrs. M. Tedio, Mr. A. Welling, Mr. E. Perkins, Mr. Enrico, L. G. Tlesio, W. P. Ruggles, C. F. Smith, Miss Laura Renling.

Let this be a warning. "Pinafore" is a very nice opera, and has been sung once or twice in New York with immense success. It is even now running at two or three theatres for the benefit of agricultural visitors, but it is not a solid thing to depend on further away than Havana, New York state. There is canal communication between that section of the country and somebody's got to drive mules.

Speaking of mules naturally suggests oats, and that cereal brings up the name of Mrs. Oates. There is nothing new in the case. She will probably write another letter about the child when it is necessary to.

The dignified, ivy, scholarly *Nation* doesn't like Miss Cavendish in anything. She is sliced up with a Godkin in this fashion: "Miss Ada Cavendish, like many other successful English actors and actresses of the present day, is asserted to have made her first entrance into theatrical life through the hospitable portals of burlesque. If true, this may also be said to create a presumption in her favor, as so many instances at once recur to the mind of the theatre-goer of remarkable translations from the world of burlesque to that of tragedy and comedy. To make her witty, vivacious, graceful, mischievous and fascinating; to avoid making what she does and says far upon the taste of a sensitive audience, this is the task which any one undertakes who plays the part of Rosalind. Miss Cavendish does not, to our mind, succeed. She is heavy when she attempts vivacity, phlegmatic when she should be sensitive, and masculine when she ought to be feminine." The *Nation* also abuses her as *Miss Gail*, and that is just where the ponderous *Nation* is wrong. Miss Cavendish's acting as *Miss Gail* is phenomenally intense and supremely good. She is so much better than when in Shakespearean roles that I am astonished to see a paper which is infallible on four per cents, and has got the Bulgarians dead to rights make such an error in judgment.

New "Jim-Jims" have been introduced into "Horrors" at the Union Square. It goes better than ever.

The Fifth Avenue opened September 1st, under the management of Max Streckosch and Maurice Grau. The lease is for one year. Among those already engaged for next season are Mme. Teresa Singer, soprano; Mlle. Litta, soprano; Signors Petrovitch and Lazzarini, tenors; Signors Gottschalk and Storti, baritones; and Signor Castellmary, basso. Signors Behrens and De Novellis will be the leaders.

Miss Adele Belgarde is the coming American actress. An evening paper says: Her success has been phenomenal, and her performances of the most difficult roles are said (even in critical Boston and Philadelphia) to have been marked by a rare intelligence. The lady, in addition to *Julia*, *Rosalind* and the rest of the usual repertory, has even essayed *Romeo* and *Hamlet* with great success. She has arranged for a season in New York next fall.

"Four of a kind," in the minstrel way, supported by a tolerable company, have been doing pretty well the past week at the Standard.

Tony Pastor has gone to the dogs. Of course, I mean performing brutes.

A blonde whale, formerly of Labrador, that was as good as caught, has been dumped into one of the Aquarium tanks. Its mate was sent to the seaside branch, but they wait for each other to such an extent that it is probable they will have to be reunited.

Robson and Crane are at Cohasset, Mass. They are not running a "Boarding House."

You remember Mme. Essipoff? "You should hear her play on the pianoforte." Well, she's in London.

Theatrical matters are looking up in Bombay.

Mr. and Mrs. Bandmann are expected here shortly. They come for a six months' engagement.

The London *Hornet* says: "It is as a counter attraction to 'L'Assommoir' (or drink) that two of our cleverest actresses and an earl's daughter have started a steam laundry? I faith it looks like it. But let us hope that they will get on better together than Gervaise and la grosse Virginie."

Mrs. Scott Giddons has reached London from Australia.

Sothorn will open at the Park in a new play by Gilbert.

Messrs. Poole & Donnelly, of the Grand Opera House, have all dates filled to the New Year.

Commodore Tooker and Admiral Fulton are to have a boxing match with compasses.

Mr. Ralph Delmore was in town last week.

MARQUIS OF LONGNETTE.

JOSEPH MORESI, a young Italian tinner, was assassinated in St. Louis, shortly after midnight on the 17th, within hearing distance of the Carr street police station. Moresi

had been out during the evening and it is supposed that he was on his way to his boarding-house. His assailant was not seen. A shot was heard, and a couple of minutes afterward Moresi crawled up the steps of the house where he lived and aroused the inmates. They helped him, when it was discovered that he had been shot in the left side just below the heart. He lived twenty minutes, and then expired without having been able to give any account of the manner in which he received his death wound. The police have a theory gathered from hasty statements made by some of Moresi's fellow boarders that he had made enemies through his gallantries, and had been threatened with death by rivals.

The theories relative to the murder of Mrs. Hull are said to be in course of "working up," but as yet no information is given out as to the result. Captain Williams refuses to answer a direct question. Nothing definite can be learned with regard to the Black Francis theory—only that it is being followed up. The "inside" theory is said to have been abandoned by Captain Williams, who is confident of not only unearthing the mystery, but also of bringing the murderer or murderers to justice.

On Monday evening, 18th inst., a vicious-looking man entered the grocery store of John Lawrence, in the village of Sorrel Horse, near Camden, N. J., and finding no one else there, approached Lawrence and asked for a quart of vinegar. While Lawrence was bending down to draw the vinegar, the stranger picked up a four-pound weight and hurled it with such force as to stun the old man, who fell to the floor, face upward. The ruffian then jumped upon the prostrate body and kicked the face of the old man, lacerating it very badly. A Mrs. McShane, who was attracted by his cries, was attacked by the ruffian. To her he said that the old man drew a knife on him, and that he struck him in self-defense. A party of young men headed by the son of the old man, went out and eventually captured the man. The stranger confessed his guilt; said that his name was Jacob Miller, and that he was a tramp. He also stated that his object in attempting to kill the old man was to procure money enough to take him to New York, where he had an uncle living, whom he wished to see. He was locked up without bail, the old man's injuries being probably fatal. Miller is a German, aged twenty-two years, and for some time past has followed the life of a professional tramp.

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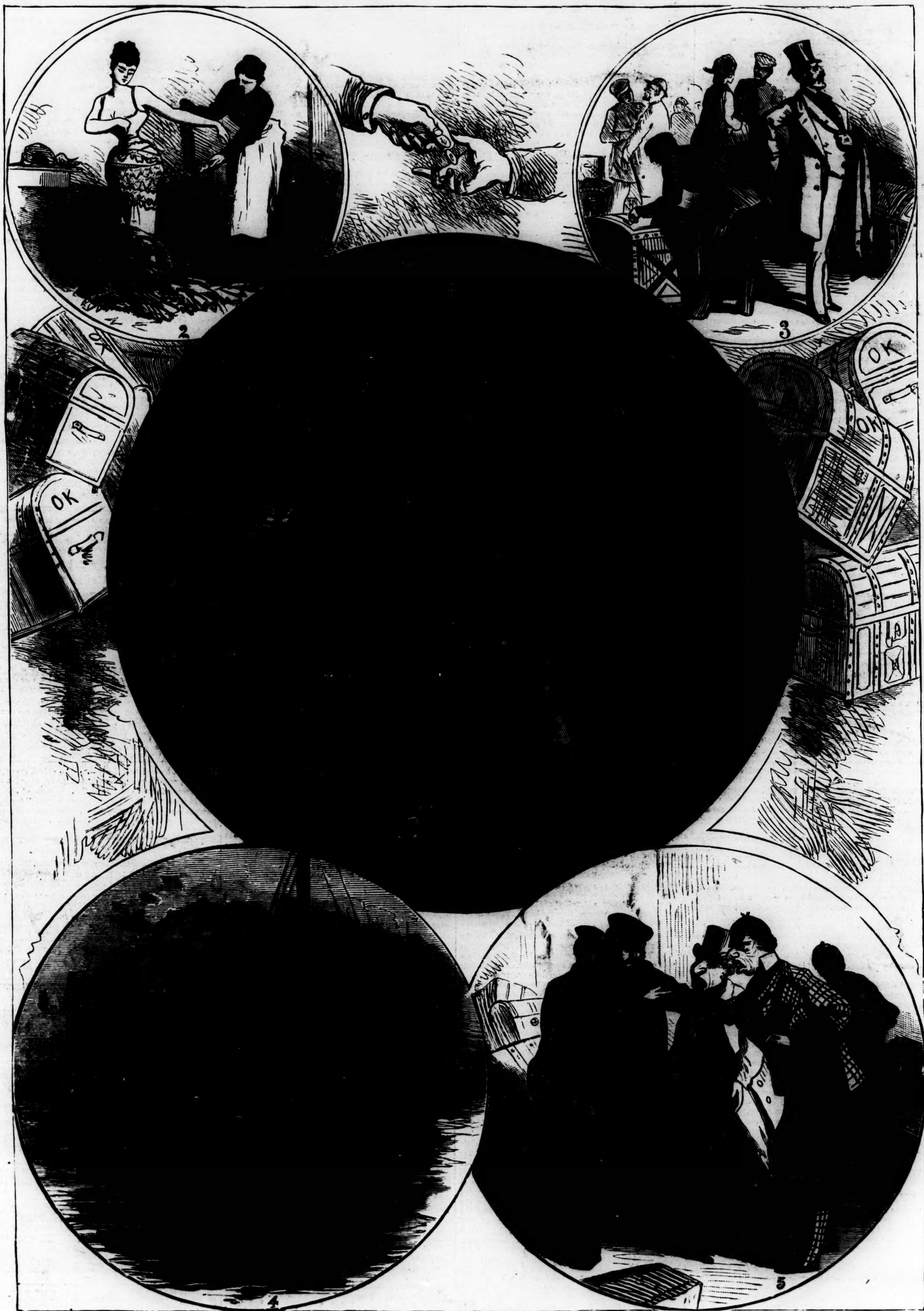
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